

# The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1882.

## The Week.

THE removal from office of Marshal Henry, Postmaster Ainger, Mr. Helm, of the Government Printing Office, and George E. Spencer, Government Director of the Union Pacific Railroad, for misbehavior in connection with the Star-route cases, is a late-coming but powerful blow at the culprits. Persons living at a distance can scarcely understand how great an influence the Administration for the time being has upon public opinion in Washington city, or how ready the population is to take its impressions from the local officers of the Government—the Marshal, the Postmaster, the District Attorney, etc. The Marshal and the Postmaster, while the Star-route trials were in progress, took the boldest means to make it known that, in their opinion, “the Government had no case”—i. e., that the defendants, Brady, Dorsey, and others, were persecuted innocents—the inference to be drawn from their sayings being that the Administration, while compelled, for appearance sake, to prosecute the case, had no heart in it, and was performing a merely perfunctory duty. These removals ought to have been made in each case instantly. The punishment should have followed the offence without giving a moment's breathing-time to the offender. The effect of such promptness would have been most wholesome upon the community, and would have saved the Administration from much unfavorable comment. But better late than never. There will no longer be any doubt now that the President and his Cabinet are really in earnest in these prosecutions. The outcry of the defence is sufficient evidence of this. They take the astonishing position that, although the Government is the party defrauded by the Star-routers, and is the prosecutor in its own behalf, it ought to be absolutely neutral, and that the removal of the Marshal and Postmaster is an act of gross interference with the due course of law. This is part and parcel of the audacity they have all along exhibited.

Mr. Wayne MacVeagh has held his peace for a long time, and suffered much obloquy for his peremptory retirement from President Arthur's Cabinet while the Star-route trials were pending. The removal of the Star-route sympathizers has unsealed his lips. He now shows that the reason why he left the Cabinet then instead of waiting for the trial of the Star-routers, was that the people among whom and before whom the trial must take place would be very likely to assume that these prosecutions were a relic of the Garfield Administration, with which the Arthur Administration had no sympathy, the more especially as Brady's newspaper, the leading Republican daily in Washington, was all the time heaping abuse upon the prosecution, and in the same columns bestowing its warm

praises upon the new President. The effect of this upon any jury likely to be drawn in the District of Columbia, Mr. MacVeagh believed, would be to render nugatory any efforts which he or others acting under him might make to secure a conviction of the culprits. He believed that this effect might be counteracted by the new Administration assuming the entire responsibility of the cases, but not otherwise; and he so informed the President in writing. Mr. MacVeagh appears to be justified in the course which he took.

We must warn Colonel Robert Ingersoll that his conduct of the defence in the Star-route cases is not helping him as an apostle of Agnosticism. In other words, his practice is hurting his preaching. People will judge creeds by the behavior of those who profess them, because they generally agree, with Matthew Arnold, that conduct is three-fourths of life. A creed, therefore, which not only permits its leading missionary to be an ardent admirer of the life and works of Mr. James G. Blaine, and the passionate and even vituperative defender of the Star-route thieves, but allows him to denounce the recent dismissals of their confederates from public office by the President as “one of the most outrageous official acts he ever knew an Administration to be guilty of,” cannot enjoy considerable success in our time. If the Colonel wishes utterly to destroy Christianity, he will, in short, have to mend his own ways. If his theology has no department of political morality in it, it will certainly fail, no matter how amusing his sermons may be. We would advise him, therefore, to look into Dorsey's and Brady's cases more carefully, and see whether they cannot get along with cold professional advocacy simply.

It is reported that Mr. Robeson's canvass, including nomination and campaign, cost \$70,000, and the canvass of Mr. Lyman, the civil-service reform candidate in Massachusetts, less than \$150. Mr. Robeson was defeated and Mr. Lyman elected. Mr. Robeson's defeat was largely owing to the popular belief that, while in office, he had made money enough to be able to spend \$70,000 on a reflection. Mr. Lyman owed his election to the belief that he would endeavor to bring about such a reform of things that an honest man can be elected to office, although he have not a dollar to spend in the canvass. It is an encouraging thing to see proof of the fact that, when the people take things into their own hands, money not only does not count in an election, but is rather apt to defeat the man who employs it.

The extraordinary scenes on the Stock Exchange on the 22d inst., and the unexampled magnitude of the transactions recorded (amounting to nearly one million shares), reflect the existence not so much of opposing interests among speculators as of contrary opinions in the country at large regarding the condi-

tions of trade and industry. There is a large class of persons who believe that business is bad, and is going to be worse, if, indeed, we are not actually approaching a commercial crisis. There is an equally large class who believe that prices have touched bottom, and that there are no conditions visible which warrant the expectation of an early crisis. These two sets of opinions came into violent collision on the 22d instant, although why the conflict should have been more exciting and tumultuous than on any other day is a mystery akin to those of sun-spots and meteoric showers. The result showed a preponderance of the latter class. It was proved that at any prices essentially lower than those prevailing during the past five or six weeks buyers can be found for almost any stock on the list, and in any quantity offered. The market at first declined rapidly, and then advanced still more rapidly, with enormous transactions, the total being the largest ever recorded in a single day, and the latest quotations were above the closing ones of the previous day. The aggregate of business done is too great to be ascribed to the influence of individuals or cliques, and the suddenness with which it was done proves that it could not have been the result of any preconcert among large operators. The conditions of trade, although in some respects unsatisfactory, are not gloomy. The products of the soil, which underlie and support and vivify all business, and without which it could not exist, are abundant. Some readjustments of industry must take place—notably in the iron trade—and farmers may for a time hold back their crops for higher prices, but the conditions necessary to a fair degree of general prosperity are not wanting.

The death, after a short illness, of Newton Francis Whiting, for many years the financial editor of the *Evening Post*, and for a long time a contributor to the *Nation*, is an occasion of profound sorrow to a great number of business associates and personal friends. Mr. Whiting's position in journalism—one of much delicacy and difficulty—was filled with almost ideal success. To the qualities of quick intelligence and sound judgment, and a habit of scrupulous accuracy, was added a large experience, and integrity which was not only absolute, but was never, even in the least degree, questioned. Dealing daily and often hurriedly with events and subjects affecting various and conflicting interests, in which many men were concerned, sometimes in an intense and passionate way, he convinced everybody of his impartiality and fairness, while at the same time he did his duty exactly to the journal he so faithfully and industriously served, and, which is the same thing, to the public. With this uncommon fitness for his special work, he had a remarkable pride in its successful performance. Mr. Whiting also made valuable contributions to the general discussion of important economic questions. In these relations his loss will be continuously felt and long lamented.

It has at last dawned upon the official-ecclesiastical mind of Cincinnati that perhaps the reputation of the Roman Catholic Church may be in some way affected by the financial eccentricities of Archbishop Purcell. Throughout the discussion of the question of his debts no doubt of his integrity has been anywhere suggested. Had his system of bookkeeping been as perfect as his honesty, and had his ability in the investment and general management of trust funds equalled the purity of his intentions, there probably would have been no trouble. If it be true as a matter of law that the Archbishop is solely and personally responsible for the money which he received on deposit as an individual savings bank and failed to return to the depositors, it is also true as a matter of fact that he never would have been accepted as a depositary by his creditors but for his eminent ecclesiastical position. The Church having given him opportunity and standing as a trustee, the Church may be held morally accountable for the performance of his trust. At all events, the *Catholic Telegraph*, the organ of the Cincinnati Diocese, says that "the honor of the Church is at stake," and can be saved only by a settlement of the claims. Among the plans it suggests for raising the money is a great lottery scheme. There are people, however, who will discover some confusion of moral notions in the proposal to discharge a moral obligation by encouraging on an enormous scale a practice which the Church and the world have long discouraged as decidedly immoral.

It is an excellent sign to find the Society of American Artists passing the following resolution, as they did on the 7th of November:

"Resolved, That the attention of the present Tariff Commission and of Congress should be called to the fact that whereas the United States of America is the only leading nation in the world that has not inherited the works of art of any great epoch of the past, it is at the same time the only nation that puts a penalty, by means of a tariff, upon the importation of works of art, both ancient and modern; and that in the opinion of this Society all works of art should be excepted from the payment of duties, both in the interest of art in general, and of American art in particular."

For many years there was among American artists a strong feeling of hostility to the importation of foreign works of art, at all events modern, and some disliked the importation of all works of art, ancient or modern, on the general ground that it would interfere with the sale of native works of art, and thus discourage native painters and sculptors. If we remember rightly, about fifteen years ago a petition asking for higher duties on foreign pictures received numerous signatures and was presented to Congress. Combined with this feeling was a strong dislike of the picture dealers, who used to be accused freely of combining to prevent the sale of American pictures and promote that of foreign ones; the basis of the charge being that there was, really, a better demand here among picture buyers for the former than the latter. It was, of course, absurd, because men do not engage in the picture-dealing business for the purpose of pushing the claims of any particular school on public encouragement, but for the purpose of making money. If, therefore, they show a

greater disposition to purchase foreign than American pictures, it is because they find a readier sale for them. In other words, it is in every country those who buy pictures to keep for their own pleasure who make the market for them, and not those who buy them to sell again. A horse-dealer who picks up all the short-backed horses he can find, is not supposed to be doing so because he himself prefers the short-backed variety, but because he finds that that is what his patrons desire.

This American-artist view of the matter was what may be called the mechanical one. It assumed that Art was a branch of industry, like spinning, weaving, iron-making, or plough-making, in all of which high excellence had been attained by natives under the fostering influence of protection from foreign competition, and that if foreign pictures were only kept out long enough, we should soon have painters equal to the modern ones of France, Germany, or Italy, and far superior to the old masters of any country. It wholly ignored the value of art traditions, and the influence of familiarity with works of art as a means of training, to say nothing of the need of such a thing as an art atmosphere or of a national impulse in the direction of art. In fact, it made the artist an inventor simply. It fell in, too, completely with the humor and knowledge of the bulk of Congressmen of that period, and fully accounted for the commission of the statue of Lincoln to Miss Vinnie Ream. To most Congressmen art was simple imitation of natural objects, and, therefore, any Congressman with a good pair of eyes was as good a judge of a picture or statue as anybody else. We believe the best defence of this theory ever made was made in the Senate by Mr. Timothy Howe against Charles Sumner, who held the effete view that to judge a picture you must have seen and studied a great many good pictures, and, more than this, must have an adequate conception of what the painters of the best pictures had in mind in painting them.

The story of Morgan, the secret-revealing Mason, is told again by the *Sun* in the interesting and minutely circumstantial manner of the late Thurlow Weed. It is not substantially different from what was told long ago. Mr. Weed, however, put this statement in the form of an affidavit, of which the jurat is dated as late as the 28th of last September. It is more specific as to persons. The names of the men concerned in the abduction and homicide are given. One of these, John Whitney, fifty-one years ago made a confession of his share in the proceeding to Mr. Weed, in the presence of other persons. Whitney died more than twenty years ago, after requesting Mr. Weed to prepare for him a statement of facts to be published after his death, but Mr. Weed was prevented from doing this. The most remarkable fact about the case is that Whitney should have chosen so violent an Anti-Mason as Mr. Thurlow Weed as the repository of his confidence.

The investigation into the operations of "corners" in produce on Monday, by the Com-

mittee of the Legislature, was a very curious affair. Dr. Howard Crosby was called to give evidence as to the moral effect of corners on the community, but had to confess that he knew nothing about corners except what he saw in the newspapers, and was evidently under the impression that the term included all sales for future delivery, of which the great bulk of the commission business in produce is composed. How he could tell, under these conditions, what the moral effect of corners on the community was, did not clearly appear. His theory of legitimate business, as explained by him, would, in fact, largely shut out sagacity, and foresight, and energy from all influence on trade. He likened trade to an attempt to sail across the Atlantic by the aid of the winds and currents, and the speculator in corners to a person who can manipulate the winds and waves for his own interest. But the owner of a steamer does this very thing as against the owner of a sailing vessel, and a good navigator sailing a clipper does it as against a bad navigator sailing an old tub. A number of produce dealers were also examined, who all testified against legislative interference, but the Committee seemed hardly to know enough of the subject to be able to follow their evidence.

Professor Tharpe, of the Somerville (Tenn.) Female College, a quiet, gentlemanly man, we are told, heard last week that his brother-in-law, Captain Burton, was going about the town denouncing and threatening to kill him. Burton's character was such as to leave no doubt on the minds of those who heard his threats that he would attempt to execute them. Professor Tharpe heard of them, and all the family heard of them. No one, however, appears to have thought of having the Captain arrested and prosecuted, or bound over to keep the peace. The Professor accordingly provided for his personal safety by arming himself with a double-barrelled shotgun, and then waited on the Captain at a billiard-saloon, where he was playing a quiet game, and blew the top of his head off, so that he died in a few minutes. We are glad to know from the *Memphis Public Ledger* that "until this unfortunate affair the Professor was never engaged in any difficulty of any kind," and also that "this terrible affair is greatly deplored, and has cast a gloom over the entire community." The *Memphis Avalanche*, however, explains that the community on the whole approves of the Professor's act, because the occasion was one "where the law seems powerless to protect the slayer. It certainly could not protect him unless strictly enforced as well by the officers of the law as by an omnipotent public opinion, and both these conditions were lacking." This is, in fact, the whole case in a nutshell. Southern communities will not enforce their own laws for the protection of human life, and, when murders occur, try to make up for it by "deploring" and "regretting" and feeling "gloomy" over them. The murderers, however, do not seem to care a cent for the lowness of spirits caused by their operations. They murder just the same. We need hardly say that Burton had committed other murders before he threatened



to murder his brother-in-law. In 1867 he killed Frank Erickson, formerly Coroner of Shelby County, and was arrested and tried, but discharged. A few months ago he had a dispute with Mr. R. S. Taylor, "in which he cut that gentleman," we are told, "very severely." It must not be supposed, however, that he "cut" him, in the Northern or English fashion, by refusing to recognize him in the street: he cut him, butcher fashion, with a knife, and for this he was actually tried, found guilty, and subjected to the indignity of a fine. This, says the *Memphis Appeal*, "humiliated him greatly, and he threatened to kill several newspaper men, and also attempted to intimidate the Court on account of it," which served the Court right; for, as appears, it let him off with a fine "out of respect to his family." For poor Mr. Taylor's family the Court apparently had no respect, though they had to nurse him through the Burton "cuts."

The close of the *Appeal's* remarks is a delicious little bit of what we may call homicidal literature:

"It may be recorded, *en passant*, that Colonel Burton's brother Lewis killed another brother in 1878, and that the whole family conducted a *vendetta* against the Reeves family, which resulted in their extermination. There is, we believe, but one of the Burton family left, a nephew of the man who was yesterday murdered by his brother-in-law."

There is nothing racier in humorous writing than this little phrase, "*en passant*." We are very sorry the Reeveses are all gone, because they could now furnish the newspapers with some thrilling gossip about the Burtons. It is hardly to be supposed that the affair will end here. Burton leaves a wife and four children. If there are boys among them, they will undoubtedly, in the present condition of education in that part of the country, grow up with the feeling that they ought to kill their uncle, the Professor; so that lively times, as well as much "gloom," are still in store for Somerville.

The British Colonial Office is having a dismal experience in Jamaica of the work of governing a "Crown colony" from Downing Street. It wants to make the Jamaicans pay half the damages of a wrongful seizure of a vessel by the local custom-house, and it enforces its order by packing the Governor's Council with a majority of official members. The whole island is, therefore, in a state bordering on revolt. What increases the difficulty is that there does not seem to be any remedy within reach. Local self-government, with representative institutions, has been tried and failed miserably, so that after the so-called negro insurrection in 1865, in which Governor Eyre figured so prominently, it was all swept away, and the despotic authority of the Crown substituted, apparently to everybody's relief. The whites were glad, it seemed, and so were the blacks, as they could not live peaceably together, and the Parliament was a wretched affair, and the island was running down in every way. Now the island is prosperous, but about \$20,000 is about to be levied unjustly by the Home Government, and the spirit of Hampden, and Sam Adams, and Benjamin Franklin has

begun, it is said, to glow in the breasts of the whole people, white and colored, male and female.

Mr. Trevelyan finds his troubles in Ireland are by no means over, but they have probably been got into more manageable shape. The Land Act has greatly diminished the outrages in the country districts, and it has been helped by the transfer of the trials for capital offences to Dublin, where convictions are readily obtained. The number of outrages occurring during the past month is lower, Mr. Trevelyan says, than it has been for twenty-eight months. The removal of the trials to Dublin is proving so effective as a means of obtaining convictions that the secret-society men have evidently determined to counteract it by intimidating the juries there also. This is the probable meaning of the attack on one of the jurors in the Hynes case, and of the murder of the detective, and other disturbances. There is much reason to fear that it may prove effective, because no protection a government can give to a man engaged in the ordinary business of life will ease his mind, if he believes that he is for any reason exposed to the attacks of assassins as determined as these Dublin conspirators seem to be. The signs from the country districts are, however, very good. The murderers of the Joyce family will, apparently, get their deserts with the hearty approval of their neighbors, and news comes from Tipperary that a party of "moonlighters" were not only successfully resisted by the occupants of a house which they attacked, but pursued and captured.

The difficulties the Tories are having with Gladstone are very amusing. Since Tel-el-Kebir so completely set him on his legs again they do not well know how to get at him. The charge of general wickedness in which they most indulge makes no impression on the public mind, and in truth makes the Liberals laugh. The Irish outrages, too, are falling off in number, so that it is not possible to make him responsible for a sad increase in Irish crime. Then the opposition to the closure rules has completely broken down, owing to the failure of the Irish members to take an active part in it. Under these circumstances, there is nothing to be done but revive the old story of the "Treaty of Kilmainham," which was done by Mr. Yorke on Friday, Mr. Gladstone meeting it all with a flat denial, the end being that Mr. Yorke's motion was negatived without a division. At the bottom of it all is the old English superstition that the Irish are such bad men that it would be disgraceful to negotiate with them, even when they are in jail without indictment or trial; the fact being that negotiation with the Irish to get their votes is as proper as to get those of the Scotch or the Whigs. The Tory Opposition has gone utterly to pieces by the departure of Sir Stafford Northcote for the Mediterranean. His lieutenants have no policy except to cut off Gladstone's head, and no hope except in his death. But he continues amazingly vigorous.

M. Valbert gives, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, an entertaining French version of

the quarrel between Stanley and Brazza, the two African explorers, who have come to loggerheads, and are now both in France stating their grievances against each other. Stanley, of course, everybody knows. He has lately given up the business of exploring and taken to that of "exploiting," as the French say, or "developing resources," as we have it. He has become the agent of a great commercial company, mainly Belgian, formed to develop the vast basin of the Congo River, and has lately been constructing a road round the falls which make the lower part of it unnavigable, and has been launching boats higher up. The basin of the Congo is certainly worth struggling for, because it contains, as nearly as can be estimated, 80,000,000 of inhabitants, occupying a territory of extraordinary fertility and vast extent, many of them very peaceable and industrious, and having made considerable progress in the arts. When Stanley first explored the region in 1877, he seems, according to his own account, to have made his way in many places by violence rather than diplomacy, and was victorious in several bloody combats, in which the breech-loader did wonders, as General de Failly said, among the natives. The memories this left behind have proved a great misfortune for him, for, while he was pushing further into the interior, or at home organizing his company, Brazza, an enterprising Italian, but a naturalized Frenchman, and an officer of the French Navy, shipped into the region as a French explorer and exploiter on peace principles, fraternized with the chiefs, got them to bury the hatchet, he putting a bundle of cartridges into the same grave, hoisted the tricolor, which the natives regard as a fetish of great power, probably abused Stanley, and in fact annexed an indeterminate amount of territory to the French Republic, and made a treaty with Makoko, a local king of great respectability and influence.

Consequently, when Stanley returned in 1880, he found Brazza had established a town up the country called Brazzaville, had covered the adjacent region with the French flag, and put the whole in charge of a sergeant and one or two men. The result is, that Stanley has gone back to France and Belgium in considerable chagrin to state his grievances, and Brazza has followed him, and they had an amusing rencontre the other day in Paris, at a dinner given to Stanley. The French, as might be expected, are hugely delighted that they should for once have got the better of an Englishman, or an American, in the colony business. It is the more grateful because, as M. Valbert points out, the Congo is now the only great African river which has not been appropriated by some European Power. The English have got hold of the Nile, and they are trying to wrest the Zambesi from the Portuguese, and are exerting a growing influence in the valley of the Lower Niger. Moreover, the banks of the Congo produce coffee, cocoa, sugar, cotton, palm oil, resin, dye woods, *ad libitum*. Decidedly, they say, Brazza is a great man, though, unhappily, like so many great Frenchmen, he is an Italian. In fact, what or where would France be without Italians?

## SUMMARY OF THE WEEK'S NEWS.

[WEDNESDAY, November 22, to TUESDAY, November 28, 1882, inclusive.]

## DOMESTIC.

ON Saturday afternoon much excitement was caused in Washington by the announcement that the President, after consultation with the Cabinet, had ordered the removal from office of C. E. Henry, Marshal of the District of Columbia; D. B. Ainger, and M. M. Parker, Postmaster and Assistant-Postmaster, respectively, of the District of Columbia; M. D. Helm, foreman in the Government Printing Office, and in charge of the *Congressional Record*; and ex-Senator Spencer, Government Director of the Union Pacific Railroad, for obstructing in various ways the course of justice in the Star-route trials. Mr. George Bliss addressed on November 11 a letter to the President, detailing the charges against the above-mentioned officers, which was referred to the Attorney-General, who recommended the removal of all of them. The correspondence was read at the Cabinet meeting on Saturday, and the Attorney-General's opinion was unanimously approved. Ainger and Parker have written a letter to the President stating the allegations against them to be "false in every particular," and asking him to suspend action until the "matter can be thoroughly investigated by a commission, or any other fair method your wisdom may suggest."

On Monday, President Arthur appointed Colgate Hoyt, of New York, a Government Director of the Union Pacific Railroad, in place of George E. Spencer, dismissed.

A letter from Mr. Wayne McVeagh to President Arthur, dated November 8, 1881, just before his retirement from the Cabinet, was published on Tuesday. The letter was written in reply to one from the President on the subject of the Star-route frauds, and in it Mr. McVeagh explains his reasons for not remaining in the Cabinet to prosecute the Star-route trials. He says that a newspaper published and circulated in the District of Columbia among the residents from among whom the jurors in the trial must be selected, has been constantly filled with abuse of every one connected with the Star-route investigation during General Garfield's term, and that the influence of such a constant outpour upon a community of jurors was sure to be very great. "While these newspapers," he adds, "have been abusing me, they have been as steadily praising you, and to such an extent that they are sometimes foolishly mistaken for and called your organs. Then, too, you will have observed that both before and since I left Washington all kinds of falsehoods concerning our relations have been published, purporting to be semi-official, and if not denied, at least not discouraged." These and other considerations, together with the fact of the relations which exist between Mr. Gorham and some of President Arthur's most influential friends, Mr. MacVeagh goes on to say, are well calculated to produce the impression in the District that his remaining in office to prosecute the offenders would be a notice that President Arthur was not in sympathy with the prosecutions, and that President Garfield's Administration and not his own should be responsible for them; and such a construction of the state of affairs by the residents of the District would have a powerful if not a fatal influence upon the result of the prosecutions. For these reasons the Attorney-General deems it expedient that he should resign his place in the Cabinet, though he should be most willing to do anything in his power as a private citizen and a lawyer to aid the Administration to a successful prosecution.

The Garfield Monument Fair, in the rotunda of the Capitol, was formally opened by President Arthur on Saturday afternoon. The General of the Army, the members of the Cabinet, and Judges of the Supreme Court were present, and every inch of space was

densely crowded. The President expressed his regret that the managers of an enterprise so worthy of support had been unable to secure a place in which more appropriately to open the exhibition. Their inability to do so had deprived them of the opportunity of listening to an oration by Judge Matthews. The President said he would confine himself to doing little more than formally declare the exhibition open to the support of a generous public. It was entirely worthy of support, and the object for which it was arranged was admirable, as there was no spot in which a monument to Garfield could better be erected than in the city in which he had spent so much of his life.

A report coming from Washington, said to be founded on excellent authority, in regard to the recommendations to be made in the President's Message on the subject of tax reduction, says that he will express his firm opposition to the abolition of the entire internal-revenue system, but that he will recommend the repeal of all internal-revenue taxes except those on tobacco, distilled spirits, fermented liquors, and on manufacturers of, and dealers in, such articles, and that he will favor a reduction of the tax on tobacco and whiskey so as to bring down the annual product of internal taxes to about \$100,000,000. It is further stated that he will urge upon Congress the importance of an immediate revision of the tariff.

On Saturday, Secretary Folger sent a telegram to Assistant Treasurer Acton, at New York, ordering him to accept unmatured bonds in all calls, including the one hundred and nineteenth, without rebate of interest, at the rate of \$10,000,000 per week on any day of the week.

Mr. Loring, Commissioner of Agriculture, in his annual report, says that the Entomological Division has pursued investigations into the habits of many insects affecting the principal staples, and that much valuable information has been obtained thereby. Two and a half million packages of seeds have been distributed, and 260,000 copies of special reports printed. The Statistical Division estimates the crop yield for 1882 as follows: Corn, 1,635,000,000 bushels; wheat, 410,000,000; oats, 470,000,000; barley, 45,000,000; rye, 20,000,000; buckwheat, 12,000,000 bushels. The work of the Chemical Division has been largely devoted to the investigation of the sugar-producing qualities of sorghum and other plants.

The report of the General Superintendent of the Life-Saving Service shows that at the close of the fiscal year there were 190 stations—145 being on the Atlantic, 37 on the Lakes, 7 on the Pacific, and 1 at the Falls of the Ohio, Louisville, Ky. The number of disasters to documented vessels within the field of station operations during the year was 287. There were 2,268 persons on board these vessels, of whom 2,256 were saved, and only 12 lost. Excellent work has also been done in saving marine property. The condition of the service is better than ever before. An excellent selection of men has been placed at the command of the service, and this selection, says the Superintendent, has been made solely upon grounds of professional fitness, to the absolute exclusion of political or other considerations.

The Chief of the Revenue Marine Division of the Treasury Department, in his report for the past fiscal year, strongly opposes the transfer of the bureau to the control of the Navy Department.

The official count of the vote of the State of New York at the recent election is as follows: Cleveland's plurality, 193,824; his majority, 155,264; for Lieutenant-Governor: Hill's plurality, 197,135; for Chief Judge of the Court of Appeals: Ruger's plurality, 73,663; for Congressman-at-large: Slocum's plurality, 107,656.

A caucus of the Democratic members of the Alabama Legislature was held on Monday night to nominate a candidate for the United

States Senate to succeed Senator Morgan. A letter from ex-Governor Watts, withdrawing from the contest, was read. Senator Morgan was then nominated for reelection by acclamation.

The investigation of the fraudulent voting at the late municipal election in New Orleans has so far covered ten of the seventeen wards of the city, and discloses the startling fact that less than 50 per cent. of the 21,473 registered voters participated in the election, and that 9,000 votes cast for the Democratic ticket were fraudulent. Only about 8 of the 50 polls so far examined are exempt from irregularities. A fund is being raised in the city to prosecute all the Commissioners who signed the returns of the stuffed boxes. All of the candidates on the Independent ticket have filed notices of contest.

The platform of the Trades Union Congress, which closed its session at Cleveland, Ohio, on Friday, calls for the enforcement of compulsory education laws; for the passage of laws forbidding the employment of children under fourteen years of age in any capacity; the adoption of uniform apprentice laws; the enactment and enforcement of a national eight-hour law; the abolition of the contract convict-labor system; the abolition of what is known as the "order" or "truck" system of payment; the passage of laws securing to workmen a first lien upon property the product of their labor; the erasure of all acts known as conspiracy laws from the statute books; the establishment of a national bureau of labor statistics; and the passage by Congress of an act to prevent the importation of foreign labor under contract.

The Cincinnati *Catholic Telegraph* of Thursday contained an editorial urging upon the Catholic Church the pressing importance of disposing of the debts of Archbishop Purcell. This is the first outspoken utterance on the subject that has come from this organ of the Church.

A mass-meeting was held in the Academy of Music, New York, on Tuesday, to take steps to raise \$250,000 for a pedestal for the Bartholdi statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World," which it is proposed to erect on Bedloe's Island in New York harbor. Mr. W. M. Evarts presided, and at the end of the meeting announced that the committee would begin an active canvass for funds.

Mr. Thurlow Weed, for many years a prominent journalist and politician in New York State, died in New York on Wednesday, at the age of eighty-five.

On Tuesday the New York *Sun* published a sworn affidavit of Mr. Thurlow Weed in regard to the disappearance and death of William Morgan, who was said to have been spirited away by the Free Masons half a century ago, and whose disappearance caused the greatest excitement in the State of New York, resulting in the formation of a national Anti-Masonic party. The affidavit gives a circumstantial account of the crime, which was committed by the Masonic societies, and was communicated by a participator therein to Mr. Weed, to be used by him as a weapon of defence when he was hard pressed in a court of law. The arbitrary ruling of the Judge rendered its use unnecessary, and gratitude to the friend who proffered it made the secret inviolate. The affidavit alleges that Morgan was kidnapped by the Masons, and thrown into the Niagara River, with a weight attached to his body, and drowned.

Frank James, the Missouri bandit, was brought into court at Kansas City on Monday and pleaded not guilty to indictments for murder and bank-robbery. A large crowd gathered at the station to see him arrive by the train. The case will be called for trial on January 22.

## FOREIGN.

In the House of Commons on Wednesday, discussion of the ninth procedure resolution



was continued. Mr. Gladstone agreed to an amendment that collective suspension should only be applied in cases of wilful disregard of the authority of the Chair. The rule was then adopted by a vote of 161 to 19. On Friday the tenth rule was adopted. This rule provides that if the Speaker or chairman of a committee of the whole House shall be of the opinion that a motion for the adjournment of a debate, or for the adjournment of the House during any debate, or a motion that the chairman do report progress, or do leave the chair, is made for the purpose of obstruction, he may forthwith put the question thereupon from the chair. On Friday the eleventh and twelfth—the last two procedure rules—were carried.

On Thursday a lively debate on the Arrears of Rent Act took place. Mr. Parnell and the other Irish members attacked the act. Mr. Gladstone denied that it had proved a failure. He said that he desired it to be universally known that the Government did not intend to introduce a bill to extend the period for the payment of the rent of 1881. Mr. Trevelyan made a speech in which he said that the act was the greatest benefit Parliament had ever extended to an unfortunate class of people. In regard to the threatened famine, he said that the Government would not underestimate the distress along the west coast of Ireland, and he would not cease to watch for evidences of suffering until the next harvest was gathered. He had ordered the most minute reports from seven counties. The Government would not advance money for public works, as that would be a most extravagant method of relief and would afford no real alleviation of the distress. The Government, he said, now intended to conduct the system of relief with an efficiency that would give the most positive assurance to the people that they would not starve.

On Friday there was a very lively debate on the "Kilmainham treaty." Mr. Yorke moved the adjournment of the House in order to discuss the affair. He said he did not contend that there was any secret treaty, but that there were communications, understandings, negotiations, and givings and takings by both sides. These really constituted a treaty, although the Government, with a certain amount of verbal accuracy, had persistently denied that any treaty existed. He charged Mr. Gladstone with "putting on a screw" to prevent discussion of the motion, and warned him that no career, however distinguished, would prevent a Premier from incurring the just indignation of the country if he was so relaxed by an atmosphere of adulation as to think that he could depart from arrangements openly entered into before the House and the country. In reply, Mr. Gladstone said the undeserved praise of his friends was counteracted by the continual accusations of Lord Randolph Churchill and Mr. Yorke. He warmly contended that it was the duty of the Government to catch at any pacific indications on the part of the imprisoned members that would enable the Government to release them. He maintained, however, that no communication had passed from the Government to Mr. Parnell on the subject, nor had Mr. Parnell sought or obtained from the Government any information in regard to his coming release, or concerning any measure intended by the Government. In short, there was no negotiation, promise, or agreement. Lord Randolph Churchill said the House was not a whit wiser after Mr. Gladstone's speech. The transaction had been so disgraceful that Earl Cowper and Mr. Forster had resigned on account of it. There was something in regard to it that had never seen the light. Having challenged inquiry, the Government now used every artifice to conceal it. After some further discussion, the Conservatives insisting upon the necessity for an inquiry, Mr. Yorke offered to withdraw his motion, but the Government refused to accept a withdrawal, and the motion was negatived without a division.

On Saturday night a detective named Cox was shot and killed in the streets of Dublin. Another detective named Eastwood shot Cox's assailant, whose name is Dolan and his profession brass-fitting. Two other men were arrested for complicity in the crime. Dolan, it is stated, will recover. On Monday a mob attacked the hospital where Dolan is lying, with the intention, it is supposed, of removing him, but were driven off by the police. On the same day a man named Dennis Field, who was a juror in the case of Hynes, who was hanged for murder of a herdsman, was attacked in Dublin by two men, who stabbed him in six places with a sword. Also, a bailiff who was serving a writ in Dublin was attacked, and received a severe stab-wound in the head. At a meeting of the Dublin Corporation on Monday a resolution was passed, on motion of Mr. E. Dwyer Gray, recording the horror of the Corporation at the outrages.

A meeting of the Privy Council was held in Dublin on Tuesday, and it was resolved to proclaim the city under the operation of the curfew section of the Repression Act, which authorizes the police to arrest all suspicious persons found in the streets between an hour after sunset and an hour before sunrise.

In the House of Commons on Monday, Mr. Trevelyan, replying to Mr. Gibson, asked the House to remember that there is a difference between the general state of Ireland and the crimes and violence in Dublin. He said that a conflict between the Dublin police and organized lawlessness seemed to have begun, but the Government was determined to use all the resources at its disposal to put down these latest developments of disorder. Mr. Trevelyan stated that the number of agrarian crimes in Ireland during the month was under 100, which had not been the case in any month for twenty-eight months. In reply to another question, he said that a recent speech of Mr. Redmond's at Cork, in which he recommended boycotting and revolution, was under the consideration of the Government.

In the House of Commons, on Tuesday, Mr. Trevelyan said the Government was disappointed at the slow progress of the business of the Land Courts, and that it would be obliged to adopt means to grapple with the block of cases. Four lay Commissioners would be attached to each Court instead of two, in order that two could inspect the farms while two were engaged in the Court.

In an address before the Scottish Conservative Club at Edinburgh, on Thursday, the Marquis of Salisbury taunted the Liberal Government with having adopted its predecessor's Egyptian policy. He denounced the action of the Government in regard to Ireland, and condemned the Arrears of Rent Act. Among other things, he said that he did not often envy the United States, but that their institutions possessed one feature which appeared to him a subject for the greatest envy—namely, their magnificent institution of the Supreme Court—for the reason that if Congress passed a measure inconsistent with the Constitution of the country, there exists a Court which will negative it at once, thus giving stability to the institutions of the country, "which under the system of vague and mysterious promises here we look for in vain."

At a recent mass meeting of the inhabitants of the Isle of Skye, one of the speakers said that any tenant paying rent, unless a revaluation was granted, would be a marked man; and it was resolved at the meeting to take every lawful means to prevent any one from taking a farm from which the tenant had been evicted. The authorities of Aberdeenshire have agreed to send a detachment of police to the island to assist in the serving of processes.

Mr. Wilfrid Blunt has written to the *London Times*, appealing to the public for help to defray the cost of the defence of Arabi Pasha, as, he says, the trial has assumed the character of a

great state inquiry, and his (Mr. Blunt's) financial back is not strong enough to bear the load.

A recent telegram from the Governor of Sudan announced that the rebels have been defeated with great loss, and unconfirmed reports from Kordofan state that the False Prophet has been defeated and captured.

The Italian Parliament was opened on Wednesday. The speech from the throne was very pacific in tone. It recommended the Chamber to devote itself chiefly to economic, social, and administrative questions. It said the relations of Italy with foreign Powers were friendly. Thirty Radical members absented themselves from the opening, so as to avoid taking the oath to the King and the Constitution.

A pontifical circular has been issued in regard to the recent decision of the Italian Court of Appeals declaring that the jurisdiction of Italian tribunals extends within the walls of the Vatican. The circular declares that the sentence of the Court is in violation of the extra-territorial character of the Vatican, and an insult to the Pope.

A dynamite cartridge, which had been placed at the entrance to the gambling saloons at Monte Carlo, exploded on Sunday evening, causing a great panic and wounding an officer. An Italian has been arrested in connection with the affair.

A despatch from St. Petersburg says that an official announcement, relative to the closing of the University there, states that the agitation had been noticed among the students at the beginning of October. On Tuesday, the 21st inst., the ringleaders went to the length of distributing circulars, summoning a mass-meeting of students, to express sympathy with the students of the Kazan University. The Curator thereupon applied for the assistance of the police, who arrested 100 students. Fourteen of them were suspended.

A despatch from Bucharest says that in the Chamber of Deputies on Friday the question of the succession to the throne was raised, and the President of the Council said that it had been settled, as Prince Leopold, of Hohenzollern, had renounced his rights to the crown in favor of his son, who would shortly take up his residence in Rumania.

Prince Bismarck has rejected the preliminary draft, prepared by the Minister of Finance, of a bill abolishing the four lowest grades of class tax, and has instructed the Minister to recast the preamble. The introduction of the bill will consequently be delayed. It is generally believed, however, that the bill has no chance of a final adoption.

There are tidings of more floods in Europe. The Neckar, Main, and Moselle Rivers are bringing down a great body of water, and at Frankfurt, Mayence, Coblenz, and Cologne the cellars in the streets along the water front have been submerged. The Elbe Valley is also flooded.

In the French Chamber of Deputies on Thursday a bill was adopted prolonging the powers of the Commission appointed to settle the compensation to French and American citizens during the civil war in America, and the Franco-Prussian war, respectively.

A popular vote recently taken in Switzerland, in regard to the cantonal schools, has annulled a decision of the Federal Assembly requiring cantons to provide compulsory and adequate primary education, which, as far as the public schools were concerned, was to be under the exclusive control of the State. Orthodox Catholics, Protestants, and Conservatives disliked the proposed State control of the schools and the infringement of the cantonal sovereignty.

The Spanish Cabinet has resolved to reply, to the demands of the United States Government in regard to the losses suffered by Americans during the Cuban insurrection, that they will act in conformity with the principles of strict justice.

## TEACHING IN AMERICAN COLLEGES.

DR. HOWARD CROSBY made some observations on college education in America before the Phi Beta Kappa Association on Friday, which would have been more valuable if they had been less dogmatic and denunciatory, but contained nevertheless many useful hints and suggestions. Some of his criticisms of existing college methods, however, have an odd sound coming from a friend of accurate thinking and observation. He denounced written examination, which is now at least partially in use in most of our colleges, on the ground that "it is a foreign institution adopted from our preposterous regard for everything foreign"—an observation, it seems to us, worthier of John Roach than of the ex-Chancellor of a university. Colleges themselves are a foreign institution. They were not invented in America. Moreover, in the vocabulary of science there is no such word as "foreign." The sole question to be asked about any method, either of acquiring or communicating knowledge, is not, Where did it originate? but, Is it adapted to the wants of human nature? The human mind is the same in America as in Europe, and the modes of getting things into the human mind have to be essentially the same everywhere.

Another of Dr. Crosby's reasons for condemning examination papers is that the "vivâ-voce method helps to quick thinking, and teaches the student how to express his thoughts in speech." This is true, and the use of the vivâ-voce method in the minor examinations may for this reason be desirable; but an examination which is intended to reveal the full extent of a man's knowledge on a given subject ought not to be converted into a means of teaching him rhetoric or elocution. Moreover, the division of examinations between the oral and written methods which is now common is exactly adapted to the wants of human nature as at present known, and pretty well known. That some men are by nature better able to say what they have to say on any subject with the pen than with the tongue, is one of the familiar facts of every-day life. The converse is also true. Consequently, society contains many useful men who write well but cannot speak, and other very useful men who speak well but cannot write. The difference is notoriously not one of training simply, but of nervous structure. It would, therefore, be very absurd for colleges to ignore this distinction in their system of teaching. Dr. Crosby's plan would, in a large number of cases, give the highest marks to mere natural glibness. At the same time we do not deny that examinations wholly written may ignore what is a very high form of excellence in a student—the ability to draw promptly on his resources in a clear oral statement.

Dr. Crosby's objection to "the elective system"—or the system by which the student is allowed to choose his own curriculum—on the ground that "a youth of eighteen is not fit to select his studies," will, we think, commend itself to everybody who has observed its working in its extreme form. It does give great and often fatal facilities to the lazy to shirk subjects requiring hard work, and leads too often to the selection of a hodge-podge of un-

related studies, from the pursuit of which together no real mental discipline can be got. But when he tells us that "the well-rounded education is gone," if he means thereby the education which used to be got from driving all students through one curriculum without any regard to aims or natural capacity, he indulges in something very like extravagance. There never was any such "well-rounded education." The old college graduate, turned out by the old classical and mathematical mill, was not a "well-rounded man." He almost always was out of shape in some way, and if he is "gone," the world is well rid of him. Here, again, what the times seem to call for is a mixed system. There ought to be some liberty of election, but not complete liberty. The young men's tastes and aims ought to have some play, but it ought to be in the choice of groups of subjects, or courses prepared by the Faculty, and not of single subjects—that is, curricula ought to be provided for certain varieties of minds, and not for individual minds. The assistance of the college in choosing courses is also, perhaps, more necessary in this country than in Europe, because the number of students in our colleges whose fathers are not "college-bred," and are therefore unable to advise or direct their sons' studies, is probably much larger than in those of the Old World.

Dr. Crosby's criticism as to the way in which athletic sports are cultivated in our colleges will meet, we fancy, with pretty general approval from competent observers. The general public is, we believe, under the impression that too much time is given to these things by the bulk of our undergraduates in the great Eastern colleges. There never was a greater mistake. The fact is, there is far too little. The college base-ball, boating, and foot-ball which make so much talk in the newspapers are shared in really by about two or three dozen young men in each college, whose expenses are paid by their fellows. All the "athletic sport" that the great majority of the students get consists in the payment of money to the "college eight," or "college nine," as the case may be, though the introduction of bicycling and the establishment of gymnasiums have of late undoubtedly tended to cause a wider diffusion of physical culture. It is also true that, objectionable as some of the accompaniments of the boat clubs and base-ball clubs may be, their existence and their triumphs and éclat serve a valuable purpose in keeping alive the interest in physical condition without which the "well-rounded man" will, under any system of education, be an impossibility. They have done much to create and foster the admiration for health and vigor without which college men, in our time, cannot exert much influence in the world, no matter how great their culture may be. The days are gone by when mere learning made an idol of the possessor. Culture in our time needs to have a man in good "condition" behind it to command popular respect. The grandeur of the "college consumptives," as Dennis Kearney called them, is gone for ever.

## THE APPROACHING TRANSIT OF VENUS.

THE passage of the planet Venus across the face of the sun, which will occur on the 6th of December, will be the last phenomenon of this kind that can be observed for more than a century, the next taking place A. D. 2004. The transit of 1874 was well observed by the principal nations of the globe, and adequate preparations have been made by the same governments to obtain all possible data with regard to the coming transit. Whatever may be the final result of the observations, it is of the last importance that we should leave to our successors a complete account of all the phenomena, just as the astronomers of the eighteenth century left to us their records.

The main object of all the elaborate preparations is to obtain such observations as will enable the distance of the sun from the earth to be expressed in miles. It is to be remarked that this datum is of no special use to astronomers in their calculations, for the unit of these is not the mile, but the distance of the sun from the earth itself; and this is always employed by them as the fundamental unit and is called unity, irrespective of what its value in kilometres or miles or yards may be. All the dimensions of the solar system can be expressed in terms of this unit with great exactness; it is only when we come to give these same dimensions in popular language that the uncertainty comes in. The whole question of the determination of distances in the solar system is generally misunderstood, and the degree of precision of astronomical deductions is therefore not appreciated. To put the matter in a familiar way, we may say that it is entirely possible, from known astronomical facts, to construct a map of the solar system on any scale you may choose, which shall be entirely accurate. On this map one can lay down the orbits of the various planets and of their satellites with such precision that no error could be detected, even if the map was many yards in extent. In each orbit the planet that occupies it can be plotted in its proper relative size, and the sun can be placed in its proper position and with its appropriate dimensions.

The numbers which form the basis of such a map are those with which the astronomer works; for his purposes it makes no difference whether the distance of the sun is 93,000,000 or 92,000,000 miles. He can express all the dimensions of his map in terms of this distance (whatever it may be), and this can be done with a surprising degree of precision. The uncertainty comes in only when it is required to give the scale on which the map is constructed—to say how many inches on the map correspond to how many miles in space. If any one of the dimensions on the map can be so expressed in miles or yards, all become known, from the relative dimensions which are there expressed. It is of just as much use, therefore, to determine the distance of Mars from the sun as to determine the distance of the earth. In fact, one of the ways of determining this latter datum is to fix the distance of Mars, from which all the other distances (in miles) become known.

As long ago as 1716 it was suggested (by



Halley) that the transits of Venus would serve to determine the sun's distance, and the method has been tried three times—at the transits of 1761, 1769, and 1874. The transit of 1761 was observed by 176 observers at 117 stations, and that of 1769 was equally well observed. From the data furnished by these two transits Encke, in 1835, determined the sun's distance to be about 95,000,000 miles. This was acknowledged to be the best determination possible from the observations. But as time wore on, and as astronomers tried some of the other methods of obtaining the same quantity, it was found to be too large a distance to be reconciled with these latter determinations. The transit of Venus of 1874 was looked forward to as likely to settle all these doubts, many of which were supposed to have their origin in the defects of the telescopes used by the observers of the eighteenth century. The expeditions of 1874 were supplied with the best instruments possible, and, besides this, they had the great advantage of employing photography to register the positions of Venus on the sun's disc. The photographs were not affected by any of the uncertainties to which even the best observers are liable, and the measures of the photographs could be made at home and at leisure, and could be repeated as many times as might be desirable to insure accuracy. It may be said that the results of the eye observations of 1874 showed them to be affected by errors of the same sort and even of the same amount as those of the earlier transits.

The photographic processes employed by the European nations were certainly unsuccessful. Fortunately, the American photographs were taken by another method, and the results from the discussion of these gave a very satisfactory agreement. A conference of European astronomers was held at Paris in 1881 to decide on the methods which should be employed to observe the next transit. The results from the American photographs were not known to them, and they decided not to employ photographs at the coming transit. The American Transit of Venus Commission, however, do not share these views, and they are to employ the same photographic methods in 1882 as were used in 1874, and they confidently expect to obtain equally good results.

The parties of the various nations are now at their posts, which are scattered all along the southern parts and the eastern and western coasts of South America, all through the West Indies, in New Zealand, Madagascar, and the south of Africa. Every possible precaution suggested by the experience of the last transit has been taken, and if the weather is generally good, it is not to be doubted that the returns will be most creditable to the science of our generation, and that we shall not be ashamed to transmit our observations to our successors. Nearly the whole of the United States is favorably situated for observing this transit, and there are enough astronomers, professional and amateur, to insure a full observation, provided only that the winter sky is clear. "Instructions for Observing the Transit of Venus" will be sent to any one on his application to the Naval Observatory, Washington.

## THE DEBATES ON PARLIAMENTARY PROCEDURE.

LONDON, November 11, 1882.

AFTER a discussion, begun in February, which has occupied the House of Commons for nineteen days, a final and decisive division has at last been taken on the first of Mr. Gladstone's Procedure Resolutions—that which provides for the closing of debates. Hitherto, as your readers are no doubt aware, there has been no limit to the duration of a debate, no means of bringing it to an end so long as any speaker desired to be heard. Practically, of course, when discussion had gone on for a long time, the impatience of the House and the pressure of the leaders on each side had compelled those who still desired to speak to submit to silence. But last year the systematic resistance of the Parnellite party to the Irish Coercion Bill was so obstinate and protracted, that the Speaker overcame it by assuming the right of putting the question in spite of their protests; and immediately afterward certain temporary rules were adopted giving him a species of dictatorship whenever the House should have affirmed that the state of public business was "urgent." After the experience of determined obstruction which that year supplied, it was generally felt that the creation of some new rules could be no longer delayed, and the result was the code of procedure which the Government proposed last February and which the House of Commons is now debating.

The first resolution enables the majority of the House to insist on having the main question put; but it does so under several important restrictions. In the first place, the Speaker must declare, of his own independent motion, that he conceives that the subject has been adequately debated, and that the "evident sense of the House" desires the main question to be put. Then a motion to that effect must be made. And finally this motion must be carried either (a) by the vote of at least two hundred members, or (b), in case that less than forty members oppose it, by a vote of at least one hundred members. It has, therefore, the appearance of being a much less drastic rule than the "previous question" in your House of Representatives, or than the *clôture* of the French Assembly, because our Speaker is understood to be, and has indeed always been, a perfectly impartial chairman, bound to regard the minority as much as the majority, and to keep himself entirely aloof from party feelings.

Opinion is divided as to the probable effect of this new rule. A large section of the Liberals think it will be almost inoperative, and certainly inadequate to grapple with the evil of obstruction. They conceive that the Speaker will only put it in force in the most extreme cases, and fear that it may even increase obstruction, because pugnacious or vexatious members will obstruct with the view of trying how far they can go, and provoking the Chair to wield this unpopular weapon. Mr. Gladstone has himself intimated that he thinks it will be resorted to rarely, and that its chief use will be as a warning. On the other hand, the whole Conservative Opposition, the Irish Parnellite Opposition, a certain small section of the moderate Liberals, and a still smaller section, numbering only five or six, of the Radicals, regard it with terror as well as anger. They declare it to be aimed at the right of free speech; they call it "the gag," "the death-knell of parliamentary institutions," the establishment of a "ministerial despotism." The strength of this aversion may be measured by the exceedingly tenacious resistance which has compelled a special autumnal sitting of the House, and has protracted the debate on a comparatively simple proposition for so long a period.

It is worth while to inquire what are the sources of this feeling, and why so much is made of a change which others hold to be so slight as to have been scarcely worth making.

As regards the Conservative Opposition, most Liberal journals think their hostility a factitious and unreal one, due merely to the bitterness of party feeling, which is resolved to resist whatever the Government proposes. Party feeling, no doubt, counts for a great deal at present, especially among the Conservatives. They have not yet recovered from their anger and surprise at the defeat of 1880; and as they ascribe that defeat to the violent invectives of the Liberals, they conceive that similar tactics are their proper retaliation. No doubt they also hold that this question is a good one on which to give battle, because the cry of freedom of speech seems a popular one; because the constituencies have never expressed any opinion on the question of parliamentary procedure—a matter which they cannot be expected to understand; and because there is some disaffection in the Liberal ranks, some misgivings as to the effect of the proposed rule. These reasons have doubtless intensified their resistance by making them more sanguine of its issue. But it is a great mistake to think that they are insincere in their alarm. There is a note of real terror in their speeches, and an irritation beyond that which mere party spirit generates. Two grounds may be assigned for the irritation. One is the long delay in bringing the question to an issue. If the rule had been pressed vigorously through when first brought forward, they would have submitted with a better grace. But the repeated postponements and interruptions due to the state of Ireland inspired them with the hope that it might be dropped altogether, or largely modified; and the vexation at Mr. Gladstone's pertinacity in pushing it through is proportionately great. The other is that in May last Mr. Gladstone offered Sir Stafford Northcote to consent to the substitution of a two-thirds majority for a bare majority as the majority needed to enforce the closing power. He did this in the hope that the rules as a whole might in that case be quickly pushed through, and the session made available for other business. When the Phoenix Park murders and the consequent necessity of devoting what remained of the session to Irish affairs destroyed this hope, he considered his offer, which had never been accepted, to be *ipso facto* withdrawn, and reverted to his original intention of insisting on closure by a simple instead of a two-thirds majority, having even while making the offer intimated that his preference for the former was so strong that nothing but the urgency of the case induced him to waive it. This was a bitter disappointment to the Opposition, who have ever since repeated that the Government cannot really care about the point if they were once willing to forego it, and have even accused them of a breach of faith. (The *Times* newspaper has been specially earnest in this contention, but its influence would seem to have declined, for the Liberal party has become more zealous in support of the Government the longer the question has been before them.)

To explain the alarm of the Opposition is a more difficult matter. They are, to be sure, in a minority in the House of Commons, but their minority is a strong one: they have an overwhelming majority in the House of Lords, and they are extremely powerful in the country, the great majority of the richer classes being with them, as well as large sections of the middle and even of the working classes. Something must probably be ascribed to their fear of Mr. Gladstone. His strenuous will, his unprecedented popularity and power make him the most formidable opponent they have had to confront during the last two centuries; and they believe that

with this new weapon he may storm those entrenchments of parliamentary obstruction on which they rely as a last line of defence. I do not mean to say that the Conservatives have ever as a party resorted to obstructive tactics: they have had too much good sense and good feeling for such a course; nor would Mr. Disraeli (who never used it himself) have permitted it had he lived, for he knew the ultimate dangers it would involve. But they have been accustomed to extort compromises and minimize sweeping measures by protracting debates and raising a host of objections. They see in the closing power a means of defeating such methods of resistance; they believe that the Liberal party, which is more united and loyal to its leaders than at any time within recent memory, will now be able to carry in its entirety whatever measure its leaders propose, sweeping away their defences by the exercise of the closing power, "rushing through" a bill before they have had time to dissect it in detail. And then, which is perhaps the gravest cause of fear, they apprehend from the Government a series of revolutionary measures, directed against the landed aristocracy and the rights of property in general. The impression made by the Irish Land Act was profound. It laid down principles new in English legislation, and though those principles were advocated only as applicable to Ireland, they expect to see them applied to England also. They feel, therefore, as if they were already engaged in a death struggle for their estates, and for the maintenance of that whole English social system which the upper classes prize. This, if not a complete, is at least the most plausible explanation of their attitude, for although they constantly insist that it is for the right of unlimited free discussion that they are concerned, they were unanimous in putting down Irish obstruction last session by the rules of urgency, and most of them would have been willing to accept closure by a two-thirds majority, since such a closure, while it could have been used to silence a small Irish or Radical minority, would have been powerless against that large minority which the Tories can always count upon having.

The sentiments of the few moderate Liberals who dislike the new rule require no special examination, for they are substantially those which I have been just describing. These moderate Liberals are for many purposes Conservatives, who mostly belong to the landed gentry, and are attached to the Liberal party rather by personal ties than by conviction. They were nearly all willing to accept closure by a two-thirds majority; and although they voted against the Government when such a majority was under discussion, they have almost all in this last and critical division either returned to their allegiance or abstained from voting. It takes a great deal to make an old Whig (the name by which this section likes to be known) vote against his party. As respects the few Radicals who resist the introduction of a closing power, it is enough to say, without speculating on the individual motives of each, that they seem to have been generally possessed by the fear that it would be used to check liberty of speech, and silence the voices of a small minority. Several of them avowed their sympathy with the Irish obstruction of last session, and when pressed with the argument that such obstruction would stop the wheels of Parliament altogether, replied that the true remedy is not summarily to put an end to a debate, but to proceed penally against individual obstructors.

There remains the Irish or Parnellite Opposition. Its attitude was intelligible and consistent. Relying on obstruction as a powerful engine for thwarting the Government, stopping measures distasteful to the Nationalists of Ireland, and extorting concessions to their demands, they ob-

jected to any closing power whatever. They therefore voted with the Government against the proposition to substitute a two-thirds for a simple majority, and against the Government on the main question of having any closure whatever. In both cases reproaches were made, first from the Conservative and then from the Liberal side, of an alliance between them and the two English parties; but in neither case with any reason. The interest of the Parnellite section was sufficiently plain to render negotiations unnecessary, and they acted openly upon it.

Although the debates have been tediously protracted and on the whole uninteresting—redeemed only by two brilliant efforts by Mr. Gladstone, who looks unusually well and eminently cheerful—efforts which were all the better for being short and even playful—and by a remarkable speech by Mr. Cowen, the member for Newcastle-on-Tyne—a speech which, though declamatory and in parts artificial, was the most striking as a piece of rhetoric that has been heard of late years from any private member, and the most notable for the effect it produced on the audience—the two principal divisions created a keen interest. It was known that there were some members whose votes were doubtful, so speculation was rife as to the numbers in each case. The result has been to show that the Government retains its full hold on the party. The Opposition are, however, rather irritated than disheartened. An enormous number of amendments have been set down to the remaining fifteen resolutions—amendments sufficient, if pressed by their proposers and argued at length, to occupy the House of Commons till its regular meeting in February. Probably many of them will be dropped, for the Tory squires dislike being kept in London at this time of year more than the Liberal members do, and therefore it may be hard for the most obstinate opponent of the Government to keep enough of his friends to secure respectable minorities. Meantime, the country looks on coolly, not much interested in these details of procedure, but believing that something must be done to prevent the painful scenes to which the habit of obstruction gave rise, and to economize the time of Parliament. Passions are hot at Westminster, but only there.

#### THE CORRESPONDENCE OF GEORGE SAND.—II.

PARIS, November 28.

THE third volume of the 'Correspondence of Madame George Sand' shows her in the exuberance of her republican and socialistic ardor after the Revolution of 1848. We will take her now in 1850, when her hopes had been already disappointed, and her best friends had again become rebels against the existing order of things. Louis Blanc, whom she admired, was in England; she was sick of politics, refused to write any more for the newspapers, and was beginning her Memoirs. "I have never," she says, "understood how a poet could write verses at the tomb of his mother and his children. I could not make myself eloquent at my country's tomb. I feel unhappy when I touch a pen. Serenity, gayety in the bosom of one's family are easy, but sorrow enters my heart when I think of the public. This cold and cowardly public, which has allowed liberty to be strangled, and has soiled the Eternal City which had again become holy—this egoistic, blind, ungrateful public, which is not moved by the exploits of Hungary, and which is not alarmed at the efforts of Russia and of Austria—could it be roused by a newspaper, a writing of any sort?" She was nervous, and her fits of depression were as extraordinary as her fits of exaltation. She thought

that taciturnity was sometimes the only form of sincerity, and that she was doing a better work in keeping silent than "this poor Lamartine, who always talks and makes phrases," and "prostitutes his eloquence." This was written to Mazzini. After the letter to the great Italian conspirator, we find one addressed to Alexandre Dumas, the son; she invites him to come to Nohant. The celebrated dramatist was then almost unknown—he was merely the son of his father. I confess to never having read 'Le Régent Mustel,' a book which he had sent to Madame Sand, and for which she thanks him, calling it a "joli livre." "It is charming to find, again, Charlotte and Paul and Virginia and all the creatures one has liked and for whom one has wept! . . . You have made Goethe speak without offending us. He was not better than you represent him, and you give him as much elevation and wit as he really had. I hear people complain of the audacity of your subject; but, so far, I find nothing which profanes, vulgarizes, or diminishes these admired types." I have already inquired of four booksellers for this 'Régent Mustel'; they are all as ignorant of it as I was myself. So books get lost in our own lifetime.

Armand Barbès, as well as Mazzini, received the confessions of Madame Sand. She hoped nothing more from men; her only real friends were in prison or in exile. Barbès was in the fortress of Doullens, and the correspondence of Madame Sand cannot have much enlivened his solitude, though she addressed him in this flattering style: "And you, always calm, always tender, always patient and sublime: you love us still, do you not? Your friendship is one of the consolations and the purest glory of my life." She had money difficulties, and, as she was married, she could not mortgage her own property; she was, therefore, obliged to make money with her pen. She prepared "François le Champi" for the theatre, as nothing pays better than a successful piece; but she would not give her work to any other director than her republican friend Bocage, and Bocage at that moment had no theatre. She wrote also "Claudie" at that time. Living as she did at Nohant, her mind became thoroughly pastoral; she lived much with the peasants, and she found a new vein in her dear Berry. Her Memoirs were progressing; she had sold them for a good sum of money, and worked honestly, so as to fulfil her engagements.

When she writes to her son Maurice, she is never gloomy. "To-night, we have made up a parcel of *airs berrichons* which we shall send to Bocage. Tell him that I have found a mine of music in Jean Chauvet, a mason making holes in my wall for the furnace. He used to sing without perceiving that I heard him. Hesings well in the true *berrichon* style. I took him to the drawing-room and noted three airs, one of which is very pretty; then I gave him a good deal to eat and drink. He went back to his comrades and reported to them: 'I never worked so hard in my life; this lady and this gentleman [Muller, a musician who was then staying at Nohant] made me sit on a chair, and they began to talk and dispute every time I sang; and they said I made *bemol*, and *si*, and *sol*, and the devil knows what.' . . . Upon this, all the workmen began to sing in the passages, to make me understand that they could do as much." The letters to Maurice are very refreshing after the long and dismal phrases to Mazzini and Barbès. Madame Sand was a slave to Nohant. To keep up her establishment, she worked more than she ought to have done. She liked to write, to compose, to make a novel or a drama; but she was very unpractical, and she disliked the drudgery and the vulgarity of the rehearsals. Her friend



Bocage did as much as he could for her, but he could not altogether fill her place. She was essentially a dreamer: she disliked all the banalities and conventionalities of the world. She lived in a fantastic and ideal world, but it must be confessed that her ideal was not better than the reality.

"Claudie" was very successful; it made money—as much and more than "François le Champi"; it was what the French call a *succès de larmes*. Bocage played in it: "On se mouche comme au sermon," says Madame Sand. In one sense, she was the most modest and unselfish creature in the world—she did not like to be lionized; she stayed only ten days in Paris after the great triumph of "Claudie," and returned immediately to Nohant. She was almost ashamed of her great victory. She says, what every literary man must have felt, "Work in progress has attractions which are not understood, but which far surpass those of work finished and given to the public." Paris had, besides, become odious to her; she was only happy, or semi-happy, in the country. She had planned to make a little theatre in the house at Nohant—had demolished walls, made side-scenes and boxes. "Our little theatre is a jewel, and we will rehearse here the plays destined for Paris." "Claudie" made little money, though it was successful; it did not bring Madame Sand as much as 10,000 francs. It helped her, however, to pay small debts; but, the debts paid, she remained without a centime. She made a loan in order to begin the publication of her complete works, in numbers, at four sous the number; she was always robbing Peter to pay Paul.

In 1851 we find for the first time in her correspondence the name of Plauchut, who became one of her best friends in after-life. Plauchut had had a very adventurous life; he had lived some time in the Colonies; he had been at Manila; he was half-naturalist and half a commercial adventurer—just the sort of man in whom Madame Sand could take an interest: what the Italians call an *infelice*. She gave him advice upon the best way of keeping butterflies, and he gave her advice upon financial speculations, which, of course, were always unfortunate. After "Claudie," Madame Sand gave a "Molière," but it had no success; it was only played twelve times, notwithstanding all the efforts of her friend Bocage. It was a *succès d'estime*, and nothing more. The piece was played during the summer, in a very poor theatre, of which the manager was at his wit's end, and, in fact, he became a bankrupt almost immediately afterward. The piece was terribly long, in five acts; it had been curtailed to four acts, but it was nevertheless very heavy. It was very absurd, besides: there is a scene in which, after various personages have drunk to the health of the King, the Queen, and the Princes, Molière proposes the "health of the people," an anachronism which did not give satisfaction even to the public of the boulevards. Madame Sand complains of it: "This public of the boulevards, this public which pays ten sous for a seat, and which ought to be the people, to whom I have sacrificed the well-paying public of the French Theatre, has not been grateful to me. The people is still either ungrateful or ignorant. It prefers murders and poisonings to a literature which has style and heart. It is still the boulevard de crime, and it will be difficult to improve its taste and its morality." The piece was only admired to a certain extent by the hateful bourgeoisie.

The private theatricals of Nohant became the great consolation of Madame Sand. There she had no public, or could do without a public; she merely indulged her fancy. It was an expensive amusement, and she wrote novels in order

to pay for her private representations. She had become so disgusted with the men in power and with the bourgeoisie, that the *Coup d'État* of Prince Napoleon found her very resigned and cool; she had lost her faith in the people, and she almost preferred one tyrant to a hundred tyrants. She was in Paris on the 2d of December, and she returned quietly to Nohant with her daughter Solange. She knew Prince Napoleon, the son of Jerome, and on the 3d of January, 1852, she writes to him, thanking him for a visit which he had made to her: "If my poor house and my sorrowful face do not alarm you, both will be consoled and vivified by your good friendship." Prince Napoleon had always courted the men of the Left, but he was quite reconciled with his cousin; he was receiving a large civil list, and had been made a General of Division. Madame Sand, as well as Renan, Sainte-Beuve, and a few others, always kept on good terms with him and with his amiable sister, the Princess Mathilde. They were not reconciled absolutely to the Empire, but they were not open enemies; they were, so to speak, in a state of expectancy. To do Madame Sand justice, she never used the influence of Prince Napoleon for herself, but only in favor of some unfortunate political offenders, who were more or less worthy of her sympathy. She did not hesitate even to write to Prince Louis Napoleon himself. The letter is dated June 27, 1852. "Sir," she says, "you told Prince Napoleon, who implored you on my behalf for the transported Republicans of the Indre, that you would do whatever I asked you to do. I place before your eyes the list of the reprieves which you have condescended to promise to me, and which I expect as a new proof of your kindness to me."

Such was the end of the great agitation of 1848; this is the postscript of the famous "Bulletins of the Republic"; this follows after the fiery letters to Mazzini and to Barbès—an humble letter to the man of the 2d of December, who had seized France by force, and who was to carry her from Sebastopol to Solferino, from Solferino to Mexico, from Mexico to Sedan. I can hardly imagine anything more melancholy than this total abdication of a generous and highly-gifted woman; nor can anything show better how little she was made for political strife. Imagination was her domain, and when she tried to play the part of a statesman she failed miserably. She did not even preserve her dignity; she placed herself on the low level of those Jacobins who sent Louis XVI. to the scaffold, and who concealed themselves afterward, in silence, in the court of Napoleon, behind the marshals and generals of the new Alexander. I do not advise the champions of woman's rights to place Madame Sand in the calendar of their saints; as a political woman she was a total failure.

## Correspondence.

### THE ORDERS TO THE MONITOR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: My attention has recently been drawn to a communication in the *Nation*, in relation to the fight between the *Monitor* and *Merrimac*, and, although I gave to the public in *Harper's Weekly* (dated January 25, 1879) an account of that event, yet I feel myself called upon, even at this late day, to send you a few remarks on the subject, especially as the article above alluded to is in some respects at fault.

In my communication to *Harper's Weekly*, when speaking of the period a short time before the *Merrimac* came down from Norfolk, I said:

"At this time I was in command at Hampton Roads. Some few days before the *Merrimac* came down from Norfolk, I received from the Navy Department several telegrams ordering me to 'send the *Monitor* to Washington immediately on her arrival.' On the night of the 8th of March—the day on which the *Merrimac* came down and sunk the *Cumberland*, and the *Congress* was burnt—at about 9 o'clock the *Monitor* arrived. Captain Worden immediately came on board the *Roanoke* and reported his arrival to me. I inquired into his condition, which was not a very favorable one: his men were all green, as they knew nothing about that peculiar armament then on board the *Monitor*. A few moments' reflection, however, determined me as to the course I should pursue. I informed Captain Worden that my orders were very positive to send the *Monitor* to Washington, but that I was going to disobey those orders, at the risk of my commission, and send him up to Newport News to look out for the *Merrimac*. In this Captain Worden cheerfully acquiesced, and on the following day the result was known to an astonished and an admiring world."

And yet, in the face of this, the writer in the *Nation* says that "Lieutenant Worden acted on his own responsibility in going up to attack the *Merrimac*, for it does not appear that he received any orders, either from Washington or from his superior at Hampton Roads."

Thus it appears that my orders from the Navy Department were to send the *Monitor* to Washington immediately on her arrival at Hampton Roads, and that I disobeyed those orders, and ordered her up to Newport News to look out for the *Merrimac*. It is true that the orders sending the *Monitor* to Newport News were verbal orders, but as far as myself or Captain Worden was concerned, they were as binding as if I had written a volume, and Captain Worden by obeying those orders showed that he looked on them as such.

The writer in the *Nation* has a very imperfect idea of the discipline of the Navy if he supposes that a junior, in the presence of his superior, and that officer his commanding officer, would leave the squadron in which he was serving without orders from that superior. It therefore follows, as a matter of course, that Captain Worden must have received his orders to proceed to Newport News from me.

Trusting that the foregoing will remove any impression made by the article in the *Nation* that the responsibility of attacking the *Merrimac* emanated from Captain Worden and not from myself, I submit it to you, with the request that you will give it an insertion in the *Nation*.

I cannot close this communication without awarding to Captain, now Admiral, Worden, the meed of praise for the great gallantry and good judgment which he displayed when repelling the attack of the *Merrimac*, and compelling her to take refuge at Norfolk.

I remain, very respectfully yours,  
JOHN MARSTON,  
Rear Admiral, U. S. N.

No. 2447 WALNUT STREET,  
PHILADELPHIA, November 20, 1882.

### THE NAVAL OBSERVATORY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I notice in the *Nation* of November 9 a short paragraph relative to certain changes made in the personnel at the Naval Observatory, Washington. One need not go far to find the reason for this change, which, briefly stated, is because there are no persons other than line officers in the Navy to take charge of the instruments.

Prof. Asaph Hall still has charge of the twenty-six-inch equatorial; Prof. J. R. Eastman will continue to use the large transit instrument. Besides these two gentlemen there are no others among the regular professors of mathematics to do the work at the Observatory. Prof. Simon

Newcomb is now in charge of the publication of the Nautical Almanac. Prof. Frisbee is a new man, with a good reputation as a mathematician, but with comparatively little experience as an observer. Prof. E. S. Holden resigned his position at the Observatory to find a broader field for his energy and talents. He is now at Madison, Wisconsin. Besides these, the other names which appear as professors of mathematics belong to persons who have never done any instrumental work at the Observatory. Prof. Wm. Harkness is there, to be sure, but no one seems to know why, or to be able to tell what he does. Four others of the professors are teachers at the Naval Academy at Annapolis—teaching, respectively, mathematics, English literature, French, and drawing. One other is not considered competent to teach anything.

If, therefore, the line officers in the Navy are detailed for prominent positions at the Observatory, are not the professors themselves responsible for the existing state of things? They have pursued a narrow, selfish policy in turning away young men from the Observatory after they had had the training which fitted them to remain and to succeed their instructors. But the older men could not bear to think of these their pupils stepping into a rank which would have made them their equals. So we find Todd leaving the Government service to go to Amherst; Pritchett is in St. Louis, Paul has gone to Japan, and Upton finds more congenial quarters with the Signal Service.

A few years ago an appointment was made to a professorship of mathematics which was notoriously unfit and unwise. A movement was then started which resulted in an act of Congress being passed in 1881 specifying that hereafter no one should be appointed as one of the twelve professors of this grade until he had passed an examination before a board of the existing professors, and been recommended by them for the appointment. There were then two vacancies to be filled. Secretary Hunt ordered a board of examiners, and a dozen or fifteen men presented themselves as candidates. The examination lasted for five days, and was so conducted as to "freeze out" all of the men who had had any training in the practical work of an observatory. The tests applied by the board were almost wholly in pure mathematics, and the two men who passed this ordeal were Messrs. George W. Hill and Wm. W. Johnson. The Observatory professors then came to the conclusion that they did not want these eminent mathematicians appointed to their own fraternity. The Board of Examiners either did not make any report to Secretary Hunt, or, if they did, they persuaded him not to do anything about it. Certainly, the names of Messrs. Hill and Johnson were never sent in for confirmation.

The two vacancies were still unfilled. On the last day of the session a bill was put through Congress authorizing the Secretary of the Navy to appoint two professors of mathematics, subject to an examination, wholly ignoring the fact that a board of examiners was already in existence. The Secretary issued an order that these two men *should not be examined in mathematics*, but in French and drawing. Consequently, the drawing-master at the Annapolis Academy and the French teacher there are now rated as professors of mathematics in the U. S. Navy.

If the Observatory professors don't like the influx of young naval officers into their sacred domain, they have only themselves to blame.

T. N.

[The question which has been raised is not, as "T. N." supposes, what the Observatory

professors, or any other small class of men like or do not like; but it is, To what scientific uses are the instruments and the endowment of the National Observatory to be devoted? The country at large, as well as its scientific men in particular, has a lively interest in this question.

It is *a priori* reasonable to suppose that professional astronomers are alone capable of directing the astronomical activity of an observatory. The past history of this particular observatory is a striking proof of the truth of this supposition.

Whatever may be the shortcomings of the individual members of the present staff, to whom praise and blame are meted out so freely by "T. N.," we feel sure that the question will finally be settled on the grounds of public policy. The Naval Observatory is a public institution supported for the purpose of doing certain specific things. To do these things well requires a native aptitude, which must be educated by an arduous training. It is clear that in general this training is wanting to the young naval officer. Hence it follows that the work will finally be done by men who are fit to do it, and not by young men "detailed" to be practical astronomers. —ED. NATION.]

#### IF GARFIELD HAD LIVED.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION :

SIR : In the *Nation* for November 16 I notice a repetition of the suggestion that, had Garfield lived, the Republican party would not have met with its recent reverses. I should like to ask, through your columns, Mr. Bowker, or some other person of similar view, his reason for this opinion. To attribute the party's defeat solely or chiefly to the action of the Executive seems to me erroneous. The extra session, with its nauseating dose of Mahoneism tainted with repudiation; the utter failure of the Republican Congress to deal with important questions; the River and Harbor steal, and the Hubbell assessment business, were far more potent and widespread causes of defeat.

Now, the question I should like answered is, What was there in the career of General Garfield, especially subsequent to his nomination for the Presidency, from which the conclusion is authorized that he would have saved his party from these errors? Certainly, as between a Half-Breed and a Stalwart Machine—"Bill" Woodin and John F. Smyth, "Lo" Sessions and "Steve" French—the independent voters care nothing. It would only have been by a courageous reform policy that President Garfield could have saved the party from its blunders, or in spite of its blunders. The writer supported Garfield heartily for the Presidency. He has a full appreciation of his great services, especially in the struggle for honest finance. But this does not help him to an answer to his question. We were already, before the assassination, involved with Mahone, and neither in this nor in any of the other abuses above mentioned can the Garfield element of the party claim superiority to the Stalwarts. As to the course which General Garfield himself would have taken, is there anything to offset the distrust occasioned by the distinct bid for the support of the spoilsmen contained in his letter of acceptance; the constitution of his Cabinet, containing as it did only one conspicuously fit appointment, while at its head was a man who has probably in his own State pushed the assessment wrong as harshly as has

ever been done anywhere, to say nothing of his more dubious transactions, with which Garfield *must have been familiar*; the nomination of Mr. Chandler to be Solicitor-General; of Mr. Matthews to be Justice of the Supreme Court; the removal of Merritt in the middle of his term to reward a factional, if not personal, service, and his letters concerning the Star-route and department contributions?

Because I ask this question, I am not therefore a Stalwart "ghoul." I was pledged to oppose Grant had he received the Chicago nomination. I would have scratched Mr. Arthur had it been possible. I have just bolted the Saratoga State ticket. I should have done the same thing had Mr. Cornell been the nominee, in which I should have been more consistent than most of my Half-Breed friends.

In conclusion, allow me heartily to endorse the principal suggestions at the close of Mr. Bowker's letter. I would only add one plank—the repeal of the Legal-Tender Act and the retirement of the greenbacks. I hope the Supreme Court will help in this. I should be especially glad to identify myself with a party pledged to immediate revenue reform and ultimate free trade. I am no less anxious as to civil-service reform, but doubt if that can ever be a party question, as no party will ever be found to openly oppose it.

ERNEST HITCHCOCK.

NEWARK, N. Y., November 21.

#### MR. PENDLETON'S RESOLUTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION :

SIR : Washington correspondence reports that Mr. Pendleton will again introduce his resolution into the Senate for giving the Cabinet officers seats in both Houses of the Legislature. It will, however, fall just as flat as last year (although then a committee of eight Senators from both sides of the House reported unanimously in favor of it), and mainly for two reasons: first, because Mr. Pendleton confines himself to a somewhat perfunctory argument of its legality and propriety as shown from the experience of other countries, in place of a vigorous demonstration of its absolute necessity to prevent the Government from coming to a deadlock; and secondly, because the reasons which make the measure desirable for the country are precisely those which make it an object of horror to Congressmen. The political use of offices, river-and-harbor bills, Star-route jobs, the putting off of depreciated silver at par upon the Treasury—in short, all those things which result from giving to the Legislature, and through it to the lobby, complete control not only of its own but of the Executive branch of the Government, would receive a death-blow. If Mr. Pendleton, or somebody equal in position, but less affluent in circumstances or more aggressive in temper, would leave Congress, according to the very vulgar but expressive phrase which is now in vogue in England, "to stew in its own juice," and take the stump to inform the people where their necessities really lie, he would come nearer not only to this but to some other ends which it may be assumed he really desires.

One of the perennial illustrations of the situation appears in your recent article upon "The Democrats and the Finances." The whole country knows what a mess the Republicans have made, but though it will doubtless ere long also know how much worse a one the Democrats will make, it does not yet know at all that the difficulty is wholly outside of parties, and that the remedy is not to be found in alternating from one party to the other, or even in the formation of a new party. So long as the Dr. side of the national account is managed by one set of men, and the Cr. side by another set, both sets will



ing separately and in secret, without any public responsibility, and without intervention on the part of the executive official who is nominally responsible; so long as these sets, being composed largely of new men every two years, give no attention to business except when Congress is in session, and thus spend in preparing plans the whole time which ought to be spent in public discussion of plans already matured, so that an immense budget is rushed through without discussion in a week or ten days—just so long the finances will go from bad to worse, no matter by what name you call the party in power. No other nation on earth attempts such a thing, or could attempt it without soon coming to grief, our salvation thus far consisting in an enormous income, with practically no drain for military expenditure.

The British national financial management is beyond comparison the first in the world, and it is so because the whole matter is placed in the hands of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Parliament only pronouncing, after full discussion, aye or no in gross—in other words, applying the veto. It is a notable illustration of how with us the veto power is placed at the wrong end of the line.

The threatening state of the French finances, almost worse than under the Second Empire, is owing to the encroachments of the Chambers on the Executive in the handling of the budget—a course which, if not checked in this as well as other directions, must almost certainly end in the reestablishment of despotism.

The expression for us of the difference between these two systems, of the change from an evil to a sound method, is the admission of the Secretary of the Treasury to a seat in Congress, with the right of defending a policy of unity, system, publicity, and responsibility against secret intrigue, an irresponsible lobby, and chaos. This is the proposition which needs to be forced upon the attention and understanding of the people; and the sooner we give up building our hopes upon any change of parties or of men under the existing system, the sooner we shall get upon the road to some practical result.

G. B.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., November 27, 1882.

## COL. HENDERSON'S CHANGE OF HEART.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: An incident of the recent political campaign has come to my notice which, I think, may be of interest to reformers, and also to anti-reformers, though presumably from somewhat different reasons.

Col. D. B. Henderson, Secretary of the late Congressional Assessment Committee, was the Republican nominee for Congress in the Third District of Iowa. Shortly before election, Mr. Henderson addressed a circular letter, with stamp enclosed, to all the ministers in the district, requesting answers, and urging them to attend personally to getting out voters on election day, etc. One clergyman, of whom I have knowledge, replied immediately, stating his position very frankly. Mr. Henderson was assured that, personally, the clergyman would be happy to vote for him, but that on account of his connection with the notorious assessment business the vote would be withheld. The desire was also expressed that Mr. H. might be elected by a majority of two or three votes.

To this communication Mr. Henderson replied by a telegram of about two hundred words, thanking the writer for his "manly letter," and attempting to vindicate himself as best he could. Unfortunately, I am uninformed as to the line of defence adopted.

Comment upon the above is scarcely necessary. Whether Mr. Henderson, Secretary of

the Hubbell Committee, wrote the above telegram from the standpoint of a sudden convert to reform, or from that of one seeking to shield himself from a coming storm, matters little. Elected to the next Congress by a majority much less than a popular Republican nominee might reasonably expect, he will have abundant opportunities for defining his position.

Yours,

W. C.

DENVER, COL., Nov. 20, 1882.

[Mr. Henderson's telegram was doubtless paid for out of his portion of the assessment fund, so that, whatever may be thought of his conversion, one should not wonder at his prodigality.—ED. NATION.]

## CUSTOM-HOUSE BROKERAGE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Some days since, I received for my herbarium, in exchange, a lot of European plants from Prof. Toepffer, Brandenburg, Prussia, through the house of Davies & Co., 15 Broadway, New York. Accompanying was the following bill of charges:

Freight and charges to New York.....	\$2 91
Duty on dried plants ( <i>freo</i> ).....	—
Custom-house fees.....	60
Cartages.....	50
Postage, etc.....	15
Public storage.....	35
General-order storage.....	50
Custom-house brokerage.....	3 00
Expressage to Dayton from New York.....	90
Total.....	\$8 91

You see, it cost me much more to have my small case handled by those commission merchants than to bring it from Brandenburg, Prussia, to Dayton, O. (no duties having to be paid). This seems to me an imposition, as I have heretofore received packages from my European correspondents through New York houses, but never paid such excessive bills. On notification from the above firm, I had written them that the package had no commercial value, but was of use to me only as a matter of scientific study, and that I could not state its worth in dollars; yet, after all the petty charges, they asked for \$8 Custom-house brokerage.

Of course, in itself, it is but a little thing, but I consider it proper (if only to offset Mr. Herbert Spencer's opinion of Americans as being non-grumblers) to let my fellow-readers of the *Nation* know how I have been treated by the firm in question.—Very respectfully,

WILLIAM WERTNER.

CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL, DAYTON, O.,  
November 23, 1882.

## CHANGES IN NORMAL-SCHOOL MANAGEMENT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Those of your readers who have been interested in some recent communications to your columns concerning normal schools will be pleased to hear of an appointment just made by the State Board of Education of Michigan. This board has appointed Congressman Edwin Willits to the Principalship of the State Normal School in Ypsilanti, his duties to commence at the close of the present school year.

Mr. Willits, although known mainly by his political career, is by no means a novice in the field of education. He has had large experience as a teacher and as a member of the State Board of Education, on which he served for three successive terms of four years; in 1868 he was chairman of the Committee on Education of the Michigan Constitutional Convention. Having a university education (Mr. W. is a graduate of Michigan University) and a long general experience in educational affairs to start with, and eight or nine months before him during which

to make himself acquainted more fully with the details of normal-school management, Mr. Willits is justly considered as unusually well qualified for the work he is going to undertake. He is considered so especially by those who, like some of your correspondents, feel convinced that teachers' training-schools should be managed in a somewhat more liberal spirit than most of them at present are; that normal schools are in need of men of broader views than the average teacher (whose field of labor and experience of life are necessarily limited) is likely to be.

Does not this appointment of Mr. Willits, so soon after that of Col. Parker to the Principalship of the Cook County Normal School in Illinois, seem to point toward a new departure in the management of normal schools? L.

MICHIGAN, Nov. 15, 1882.

## Notes.

R. WORTHINGTON will publish at once 'Pictorial Journeys in America,' for youthful readers.

'Bible Myths, and their Parallels in Other Religions,' with numerous illustrations, will be published next week by J. W. Bouton.

The Colgrove Book Company, Chicago, have in press, for immediate publication, 'The Unending Genesis,' by H. M. Simmons, being an attempt to tell the story of creation, in a reverent spirit, by the light of science.

Mr. S. R. Koehler's 'United States Art Directory and Year-Book' (Cassell & Co.) is a very praiseworthy and successful beginning of, we hope, a long series of annuals. Its supplementary title is, "A Guide for Artists, Art Students, Travellers," etc. The larger half is occupied with a statistical and historical list, alphabetical by towns, of national and local academies, art schools, collections, exhibitions, decorative-art societies, art clubs, etc., which parents will find extremely useful in determining the advantages of many a college and university, and art students indispensable. While no attempt, of course, is made to catalogue all the pictures, statues, or antiquities of the various institutions or societies enumerated, useful hints are given of their chief attractions. One may see, also, as in the case of Faneuil Hall, Boston, how much the custodians of public collections neglect to label and identify the works of art intrusted to them. The Artists' Directory is derived from the names of members and exhibitors of twenty-five societies in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago; and similarly an Art Teachers' Directory has been made up. Then comes a Necrology, taken up at the point where it was dropped by the *American Art Review*; a table of exhibitions held from January, 1881, to October, 1882; a list of coming exhibitions; a list of books on art and of art periodicals; and finally, the law of copyright. All this seems done with as great accuracy and thoroughness as was possible under the circumstances.

The library of the late Dr. E. B. O'Callaghan is to be sold at auction by Bangs & Co. on December 4 and succeeding days. It comprises nearly 2,500 numbers, of remarkable average excellence, with not a few rarities. It is essentially a collection of Americana, and is rich in Jesuit Relations and other works pertaining to the early settlement of this continent.

"Birthday books" increase in number, as witness the 'Roe Birthday Book' (Dodd, Mead & Co.). The same firm also send us their reprint of Canon Rawlinson's 'Seventh Great Oriental Monarchy' (Persia), in two volumes. This now completes the series of seven handsome volumes. Like the others, it is freely illustrated, and has a

map of the Sassanian Empire, and a chromo-lithographic plate of the Palace of Chosroes I. at Ctesiphon.

Geo. Routledge & Sons publish Knight's 'Shakspeare' in three volumes, at a moderate price. The illustrations are Sir John Gilbert's. A pretty shade of light green has been chosen for the cloth covers.

After the lapse of a quarter of a century from its first collected appearance, Houghton, Mifflin & Co. put out a new edition of the 'Autocrat of the Breakfast Table' in a form worthy of it and of their reputation for fine workmanship. Dr. Holmes has wisely abstained from retouching the product of a period not only "before the war," but before the development of inventions by which our daily life has meantime been so strongly affected. He has, however, added a number of foot-notes, partly in explanation of obsolete terms or now obscure personal and other allusions, partly by way of further gossip; and these add much, as good foot-notes always do, to the charm of the large-letter discourse. One of these is worth remarking. In his merry verses or "Latter-Day Warnings," Dr. Holmes had allowed as one of the signs of the millennium—

"When the first locomotive's wheel  
Rolls through the Hoosac tunnel's bore."

By so much, he now confesses, the preparation of ascension robes has been made urgent.

An unpretentious book of reminiscences, called 'New England Bygones,' appeared, two years ago, as if written by "E. H. Arr." This was soon discovered to be a pseudonym for the wife of Mr. E. H. Rollins, former Commissioner of Internal Revenue. Mrs. Rollins has since died, and the 'Bygones' has been republished with a care and costliness and ornamentation which have a distinct memorial significance (J. B. Lippincott & Co.). Gail Hamilton supplies an interesting and seemingly frank and intimate account of the author, whose portrait is given. The illustrations are of even grade and good quality; but they have not an unmistakable New England stamp, and apparently (except in a few cases) are pure efforts of artistic imagination.

The same publishers offer a new revised edition of 'The Poetical Works of T. Buchanan Read,' with heightened decoration. The voluminousness of this collection is as surprising as anything about it, in spite of the place which a few pieces have secured the author in our American anthologies.

The friends of the higher education of women, especially in this city, will welcome the aid of President Barnard's paper—"Should American Colleges be Open to Women as well as to Men?"—read in July at the annual convocation of the University of the City of New York, and now reprinted from the Proceedings. Dr. Barnard's closing sentence gives the key to his position: "The time is not far distant when it shall be as much among the curiosities of history that one sex should ever have been debarred from the educational privileges accorded to the other, as it will be that the curse of slavery should have continued to darken the escutcheon of our Republic for a century after its foundation."

The *Athenæum* announces that Mr. Leslie Stephen will withdraw from the editorial conduct of the *Cornhill Magazine* in order to edit a 'Dictionary of National Biography,' undertaken by Smith, Elder & Co.

No. 8 of the *Bibliographical Contributions* of the Library of Harvard University consists of the Calendar of the Arthur Lee Manuscripts in that library, which has been printed from time to time in the *Harvard Bulletin*.

*Latine* is the name of a monthly periodical, edited by Prof. E. S. Shumway, of the State Normal School, Potsdam, N. Y., devoted to aiding in teaching Latin by the conversational

method. Whatever may be our opinion as to this method for beginners, there can be no question of its efficacy as an accompaniment to advanced instruction; and we should judge the contents of this little sheet well adapted to the end in view. It is, by the way, the organ of an association of Latin teachers, called *Catena Latina*, having "links" in all parts of the Union, members of which pay a fee of two dollars a year, and are entitled to receive this periodical.

*Le Livre* for November might almost, following a cisatlantic fashion, call itself a Voltaire number. M. Louis D. Petit, supplementing an interesting article by M. Eugène Muller in the October number, treats of Voltaire's correspondence with Neaulme, after the latter's unauthorized and very embarrassing publication at the Hague of the 'Abrégé de l'histoire universelle.' Like M. Muller, too, he prints some inedited letters of Voltaire's, and corrects others already published. Later on, extracted from *Figaro*, is a list of Voltaire's "pseudonymes de combat"—nigh one hundred and fifty, in which the scoffer masquerades as le docteur Akakia, le rabbin Akib, le curé Meslier, feu l'abbé Bazin, l'humble évêque d'Aleopolis, l'archevêque de Cantorbéry, un bénédictin, plusieurs aumôniers, le corps des pasteurs du Gévaudan, ancien avocat, M. le Comte de Tournay, un académicien de Lyon, un chrétien, un quaker, une belle dame, le docteur Wellwisher good Natured (*sic*), etc., etc. Finally, among the reviews, great praise is awarded M. Georges Bengesco's Bibliography of the works of Voltaire, which, among other details, goes pretty fully into the iconography of them, so far as to enable editions to be recognized by their plates, vignettes, etc. We must also signalize M. Jules Adeline's paper on the hand-painting of the backs of books, which proposes a new industry (for France: A. Williams & Co., Boston, "anticipating the Christmas demand that has arisen for books having covers that can be decorated or painted upon, have prepared for the purpose a specially bound edition of 'Poems and Sonnets of Owen Inslly'"); and an advance chapter on Benvenuto Cellini as an author, from M. Eugène Plon's forthcoming biography of this artist.

'Contes Grotesques d'Edgar Poë, traduction Émile Hennequin' (Paul Ollendorf), and 'Mes Années d'Esclavage et de Liberté, par Frédéric Douglas, Marshal de Colombie' (Plon), are two recent Paris announcements.

Our explorations at Assos have proved how much yet remains for the archaeological explorer in Asia Minor. M. Lenormant has shown the same thing in Italy. He has visited twenty-four towns and cities of the Basilicata and Calabria, in more than half of which no archaeologist had preceded him. He has collected more than 200 Latin and thirty Greek inscriptions that have never been published. He has observed a remarkable resemblance between the geometric decorations of the Apulian and of the Cypriote pottery, and also has found relics of a primitive Italic black pottery once made all over the south of the peninsula.

A statue of Harriet Martineau has been made by Miss Anne Whitney out of a fund raised for that purpose, and promises to be a work of high merit. Subscriptions are still desired to meet the final expenses, and may be sent by the admirers of that remarkable woman, who loved and did much for our Western republic, to Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 4 Park Street, Boston.

Two mortuary masks of Romans have been found in France; one in 1874, at Trion, in the tomb of Claudia Victoria, who died at the age of ten years, one month, eleven days. This mask, which is of plaster, is supposed by a local antiquary to be hers, but the *Bulletin Critique* pronounces the features, as represented in the

*Revue Épigraphique du Midi de la Gaule*, to be too mature for a child. There was no such doubt possible in the case of the mask found a few years ago in the Rue Nicole at Paris, for there the mortar used in sealing the tomb had flowed over the face of the buried child in such a way as to make an accidental mask whose truth to life could not be for a moment questioned.

—In *Harper's Christmas*, American wood-engraving surpasses all its previous efforts, not in fineness or delicacy or sureness of execution, but in scale. The full-page cuts of this sumptuous folio take the field against those which have hitherto distinguished the London illustrated weeklies. We are much mistaken if our British cousins do not cheerfully admit their equal excellence, while Mr. Vedder's "Samson," engraved by Cole, can hardly fail to be regarded as a *tour de force* which has no match on either side of the Atlantic. This remarkable woodcut is given a supplement to itself, as the size of the block alone is equal to that of the folio—say 18 x 15½ inches. The design is in Mr. Vedder's best vein—simply the head and neck of Samson, with his hair freely flowing to right and left, the mouth perhaps not strong enough for so mighty an owner, but the general expression that of a good-natured giant in the exuberance of sheer physical delight. The cartouche which frames it is masterly in its symbolic decorativeness—another quality which Mr. Vedder possesses in a high degree. The rendering of all this with the graver confirms Mr. Cole's preëminence for breadth of treatment, here most difficult on account of the large surface. The print deserves to be framed, and will be framed, and this thought consoles us for the transient character of the publication, in its paper covers, when at least boards should have protected it, and might yet do so in a special edition. Mr. Cole has one other example of his technique, smaller, but still of unusually large size, involving the interpretation of textures—namely, Mr. F. Dielman's "A Girl I Know," a charming subject. We cannot specify the meritorious work of other engravers in figure-pieces justifying their best efforts, but Mr. Juengling's treatment of pure landscape after Mr. Quartley's design—"In the bush of the autumn night, I hear the voice of the sea"—is poetic in its effectiveness. And yet we are sure that it suffers more than any other cut in the presswork.

—This new venture and its literary contents are introduced by Mr. Geo. William Curtis, who rightly treats *Harper's Christmas* as the flower of *Harper's Monthly* in the day of small things. The bare mention of some of the other contributors will show that there is abundance of first-rate entertainment in this holiday publication. Mr. Howells has an irresistible little farce, "The Sleeping-Car," in which he once more lets the inconsequential nature of the female sex betray itself in talk and action. Mr. Joel Chandler Harris proves in his "Mingo: a Sketch of Life in Middle Georgia," that he is equal to longer flights than his 'Uncle Remus.' Here the poor-white female character is as much of a study as that of the faithful freedman. The other humorists are Mark Twain and Mr. G. T. Lanigan, the author of the *World's Fables*, who now in rhyme satirizes "The Christmas Reformer." More serious verse is furnished by Mr. E. C. Stedman and Mr. T. B. Aldrich, and we should also mention the names of Thomas Hardy, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Rose Terry Cooke, and F. D. Millet, Mr. Millet being represented also by several Eastern designs.

—The *Century* for December opens with an illustrated article on the Supreme Court, by Mr. E. V. Smalley, who gives a good deal of infor-



mation about the working and present condition of that tribunal of a kind which laymen will find more novel than lawyers. The principal thing, in fact, which will be likely to strike the professional reader in looking it over is the profound popular ignorance as to the history of the Court which it implies and assumes; but the same reflection would occur to most specialists with regard to most magazine articles dealing with their own topics; and law, of all matters of human knowledge, is to the general reader most full of mystery. Professor T. R. Lounsbury contributes an article on spelling reform, which states in a very clear way the position of those who consider the present system of spelling radically bad. He admits that it seems hopeless to expect that any large body of grown-up men who have once learned a particular method of spelling, however wretched, will ever give it up and adopt a new one, however excellent, and that a reformed orthography can only be introduced through the schools. This, however, requires a change of opinion among adults, because the schools are managed by adults, and it is impossible to imagine a sceptical generation permitting the seed to be sown among the young without extensive conversions within its own limits. The absurdities of English spelling are so glaring and grotesque that it is easy to sympathize with Professor Lounsbury's scorn of the conservative attitude of mind with regard to it; at the same time the extraordinarily small headway the reformers in this field have made in the last hundred years enables the conservative, who can bring forward no better reason against a change than that he does not "like the look" of phonetic spelling, to feel a comfortable certainty that the deluge will not come till after his time.

—Mr. James's "Point of View" is a bit of international satire which recalls his "Bundle of Letters." It consists of a number of letters, written by different varieties of Americans, and by an English and a French "observer" travelling in the United States. As Mr. James does not appear in person, the picture of this country presented is chiefly of value as showing the "point of view" of the personages introduced. Of these, the best, on the whole, to our mind, is the English member of Parliament, whose careful discrimination of what he knows about the United States from what he does not know is beyond all praise. It would probably be somewhat difficult to explain to Mr. Antrobus himself in what the humor of his study of our institutions consists; but no American who has had the pleasure of meeting any of the Antrobuses will fail to enjoy his cautious suggestion, made on learning that ladies may travel all over the Union, without loss of social consideration, in a sleeping-car, that this is probably confined to ladies occupying a lower berth, and would not apply to ladies taking upper berths. This suggestion reveals one fundamental difficulty in a great deal of English observation of the United States—the absence of fixed social rules and regulations governing "social considerations." The Antrobi can understand easily enough a set of rules governing society, however different from or opposed to those to which they have been accustomed; but what they generally fail to reach a comprehension of is the wide range within which it never enters into the head of an American to apply rules of any kind. Volumes, for instance, have been written about the American girl, to show what she may and what she may not do without loss of "social consideration"; but the problem has never been solved, and probably never will be. It is all, as one of Mr. James's characters says, very "vague"; and we can certainly forgive foreigners if they can with diffi-

culty understand how such things can be left in a vague state in a civilized country, and insist on assuming that there must be just as many hard and fast rules with regard to social consideration as in their own country, if they can only find them out. M. de Bacourt, for example, notes in one of his amusing letters the astounding fact that, on taking the air one morning in Washington, about six o'clock, in the warm season, he met on the street a society belle. "*Mœurs faciles!*"

—The *Atlantic* has as its chief literary attraction this month some "Outlines of an English Romance," by Hawthorne, the manuscript having been furnished, with some explanatory notes, by Mr. G. P. Lathrop. "The Ancestral Footstep" is the very characteristic title which Mr. Lathrop gives the fragment, and as a study in Hawthorne it possesses a good deal of interest. It is more ghostly and fragmentary even than the 'Dolliver Romance,' and reads less like the first sketch or outline of a story than the fossil remains of one, exhumed and reconstructed after the lapse of a geological period, for some literary museum. Part of its fascination to many lovers of Hawthorne will lie in the musty, antique flavor which it has, rather than in the "freshness and spontaneity" which Mr. Lathrop discovers in it. Mr. O. B. Frothingham writes on "Art and Wealth," and does not succeed in solving the problem whether the accumulation of wealth now going on in this country is likely to lead to a national development of art. This is a question which never has been solved, and never will be, except by time. All that can be shown is that some of the conditions under which art has sprung up in other countries exist in the United States; but, as no one knows what all the conditions are, and they have never been exactly the same in any two countries, any speculation about it is at best guesswork. Mr. Frothingham is very cautious and tentative, and perhaps it is unfair to say that he does not succeed in solving the problem, because he would not be willing to admit that the problem is exactly what we have stated it to be—a fact which saves him from error at the expense of definiteness.

—Harper's has several good illustrated articles, of which one called "Cameos of Colonial Carolina," by P. D. Hay, contains a good deal of out-of-the-way information as to some of the early Carolinian worthies, if such an un-Carolinian epithet may be applied to them. Mr. John Fiske has an article on New England in the Colonial period, which is valuable as making clear some minor historical points with reference to the persecution of the Quakers by the Puritans: for example, first, that only a small portion of the Puritans were religious refugees; second, that they had no idea of establishing liberty of conscience, but, on the contrary, a theocratic state, in which conformity was required of the individual in all matters affecting conduct; and, third, that the Quakers made themselves obnoxious to the Puritans, both doctrinally and otherwise. But we cannot say that he helps to dispel the unscholarly confusion of the persecution for state reasons—i. e., on account of doctrine—with the penalties for indecent exposure and other occasional lunacies. Here chronology is of the first importance.

—Colonel Holabird, in the December *United Service*, completes his consideration of military desertion, taking up, rather diffusely, more points than we can here condense. One of his suggestions the War Department has adopted with unwonted alacrity, and has already made obligatory—viz., official investigation, and report upon the probable cause, of every desertion at the time of its occurrence. Heretofore,

the deserter has been merely dropped from the muster-roll, and speculations upon his motives or the real reasons for his conduct have had no place in the record. There is urgent need of a philosophical and practical discussion of the Army organization on its lowest plane—that of the rank and file. Our officers who are educated can hold their own with honor: it is the men, especially as units, who require care and who should be better understood.

—Education within the Army is briefly treated by Colonel Vincent of the staff of General Augur, commanding the Department of Texas, in the latter's annual report. He advises for the soldiers' schools already authorized pecuniary support by Congress (now, their money comes from savings of the ration—the stomach feeds the head); compulsory attendance; suitable teachers; and the non-enlistment in white regiments of illiterate men. The first three seem self-evident necessities for a decent system. If men who can neither read nor write are enlisted, the intellectual tone must be, and the moral tone probably will be, very low. The Adjutant-General has adopted this suggestion of Colonel Vincent's, and in his report to the Secretary of War recommends reading and writing to be among the qualifications of recruits. Our Army is always handicapped in the matter of education by the amount of manual labor it must perform in addition to its strictly martial duty—which, as we have before noted, is no child's play, even in peace. A difficulty underlying the whole matter seems to be the spreading of a small force so thinly over a very large territory. If two men have three men's work on their hands, some details will suffer.

—Mr. Freeman was surprised at the resemblance between England and America, whereupon some of the English journals remarked that English ideas had been slowly spreading in the United States, at least in New England, and others said that, on the contrary, England was becoming Americanized—or, to use a synonymous term, going to the dogs. We have noticed one similarity of late that seems to favor the latter view. When, on the evening of the late State election in Massachusetts, large crowds were assembled in Boston in front of the screens on which the latest returns were cast by the lime-light lanterns, as each successive bulletin gave a larger majority for Butler, among the other cries, we are told, there were shouts of "Bad for Harvard!" Compare this with the comment of the *Spectator* on Lord Carnarvon's statement that "three-fourths of the literary power of the country and four-fifths of the intellectual ability" were on the Conservative side, and the answer by a writer in the *Times* giving a long list of eminent Liberals. The *Spectator* says, "Neither assertion nor rejoinder matters a straw. The transfer of power, under our modern system, is not left to professors, but to those whom they scarcely influence at all."

—"Northern Transcontinental Survey" is the large title of a small pamphlet report of Prof. Raphael Pumpelly to Mr. Henry Villard, President of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company, dated September, 1882. "The territory," it begins, "which is exclusively tributary to the lines of the Northern Pacific and associated roads, covers about one-fifth of the area of the United States. A large part of this region is almost unexplored, geographically, and is still less known as regards those resources which are to contribute to the business of this corporation." To dispel this ignorance, the Directory instituted the survey of which Professor Pumpelly is the competent head. His assistants are formed into a chemical department, a department of mineral resources, and divisions of climate and rivers, of

soils, of forests, of economic botany, of topography, the efficiency of which is assured by the names of Professors E. S. Holden, E. W. Hilgard, C. S. Sargent, and Mr. A. D. Wilson—to mention only the most familiar. To these must be added Dr. H. A. Hagen, the distinguished entomologist of Harvard. In fact, a Government survey could not be more strongly equipped, yet it is a simple business provision "to obtain the data necessary to guide the companies in regard to building feeders, in regard to matters of policy in encouraging the starting of proper industries, and in directing immigration to the proper points." Maps are to be constructed showing the topography by contour lines; the practicability of irrigation and under-drainage; the rainfall and temperature; the distribution of plants and the other available conditions for grazing; the mineral resources, etc. Already important tests of the soil and discoveries of coal and timber have been made. Professor Sargent reports the forests along Clark's Fork and its tributaries "the most important and valuable body of timber in all the interior of the continent," and recommends the region being withdrawn from sale for conservation by the Company, which will undoubtedly be done. Dr. Hagen discovered that the larvæ of a certain butterfly had "injured, more or less seriously, in immense numbers the yellow pine between Spokane and Colville," and the result is that steps will be taken to utilize these trees before they are rendered worthless. Such are some of the first fruits of a singularly far sighted and liberal scheme to furnish a scientific basis for railroad development. In the nature of the case it is without a precedent, and it will be watched with increasing interest as it supplies from year to year the deficiencies in our national surveys.

—Not the least interesting feature in the literary history of the present age is the "survival" of the Index librorum prohibitorum and Index expurgatorius. One wonders how much is effected by the condemnation, and whether the faithful, before reading a book, carefully examine the lists published by the Congregation of the Index to see whether it is allowed. We remember, not long since, looking over the library of a Catholic priest which came to auction, and finding several works with the manuscript note "Opus prohibitum." Evidently the *fruit défendu* had been found to be too sweet to be given up. Of course, in the present prolific state of the press, the Congregation cannot pass judgment upon all the issues of the press, and its condemnation of any particular work affords a presumption that the work shows some ability. Among the books lately so honored are Renan's 'Ecclesiastes' and Marino's Italian version of Gregorovius's picturesque 'Athenais, Geschichte einer byzantinischen Kaiserin.' But not only has the Index librorum prohibitorum survived, as we began by saying: it has emigrated to this country. The Archbishop of Montreal has prohibited our neighbor the *Courier des États-Unis*, and, when he found that it was still read in his diocese, ordered that a second prohibition should be read from all the pulpits.

—A recent number of the *Παναγιώτης* gives, regarding the Samian aqueduct, details supplementary to those which we reprinted last week from the *Academy*. The water-channel of the great tunnel, which was found choked with silt, has already been in great part cleared out, that it may be put again to its ancient function of supplying the city with the water of the same copious spring mentioned by Herodotus—now known as the fountain of Hagiades. The tunnel is lighted and ventilated by shafts at a distance from each other of about twenty metres. About 300 metres below the fountain the tunnel divides into two

branches. This explains, doubtless, Herodotus's description of it as ἀμφίστομον ὄρυγμα. The excavations have brought to light in the tunnel, beside a flight of four steps, a slab bearing the following inscription:

Διονυσόδωρος  
ὁ θεοφόρος  
μητρὶ Ἐπικρατείᾳ  
ἀφ' ἧν ἐργάζεται.

—We have received the seventh number of Behm and Wagner's 'Die Bevölkerung der Erde' (Gotha: Justus Perthes, 1882). This valuable statistical publication was begun in 1872 as a universal year-book of areas and populations, supplementary to Petermann's *Geographische Mittheilungen*, but only seven numbers have been issued in ten years. The last, which appears after an interval of two years, is the largest published, containing 148 densely printed quarto pages, against the 123 of the sixth, and the 90 of the first. Among its varied information are the main results, as far as published, of the numerous official censuses taken in 1880 and 1881, including those of Denmark (February 1, 1880), the United States (June 1, 1880), Germany and Switzerland (December 1, 1880), Austria-Hungary and Belgium (December 31, 1880), Great Britain and her colonies (beginning of April, 1881), France (December, 1881), and Italy (December 31, 1881). Among the less important or less trustworthy enumerations lately carried out are those of Luxemburg, Cyprus, the Orange Free State, Venezuela, and Uruguay. Half-emancipated Bulgaria boasts already an official census, and the Grand Duchy of Finland has a new one, while most of the city populations of the bulk of the Russian Empire are known only from uncertain and partly antiquated estimates. Thus two different St. Petersburg statistical calendars for the years 1873 and 1882 give the following town populations respectively: Yelizavetgrad, 35,000, 63,000; Tiraspol, 16,700, 30,000; Alexandrovsk, 4,500, 14,000; Nizhni Novgorod, 44,000, 12,400; Tzaritzyn, 11,800, 25,600; Dünaburg, 29,600, 52,000; Kherson, 46,000, 123,000. The late territorial or administrative changes in Asiatic Russia embrace the incorporation of the district of the Tekke Turcomans, a modification of the Russo-Persian boundary, the abolition of the Lieutenantship of the Caucasus and the Governor-Generalship of Orenburg, and a rearrangement of the Siberian divisions. The greatest recent territorial change in Europe is that arising from the cession by Turkey to Greece of parts of Thessaly and Epirus. The estimates of areas of various countries are changed in accordance with new measurements, of which the planimetric ones executed by General Strelbitzki, and published in his 'La Supertficie de l'Europe' (St. Petersburg, 1882), are spoken of with great admiration. The total inhabited area of the globe is now estimated at 1,360,000 square myriametres, and the total number of mankind at 1,433,000,000. The corresponding estimates in the first number of this publication were 1,337,000 square myriametres, and 1,370,000,000 souls. It is hardly necessary to add that the great difference in the figures of population is owing mainly to a difference of views, and but secondarily to natural increase.

—London and New York had the privilege, on Saturday, of listening to Gilbert and Sullivan's latest operetta nominally at the same hour, although, owing to the difference in time, the performance in London was over two hours before it began at the Standard Theatre. The full title of the work is "Iolanthe; or, the Peer and the Peri, a new and original comic opera." It is a mistake to call this a comic opera. Properly speaking, a comic opera is a real comedy set to music ("Figaro," "Barber"), whereas "Iolan-

the" is an operetta—that is, a farcical comedy, verging on burlesque, united to music of the simplest character, for which the adjective operetta is much more appropriate than operatic. Nor is it "new and original," in the full sense of those words. Some of the situations are new, as are the costumes and the scenery; but the music is not original and the dialogue and plot are not always new. With all this, "Iolanthe" is much above the average work of its kind, and although it will probably not equal its precursors in popularity, it bids fair to hold the stage for some time. Mr. Gilbert's natural proclivity is clearly toward the musical rather than the dramatic stage. Music is required to cover up the conspicuous absence of plot interest and complication, while the delineation of his characters and the fanciful nature of his subjects adapt them eminently for musical treatment. He and his collaborator understand each other so well that the result is almost as harmonious as if the libretto and the music had been written by the same person. In "Iolanthe" we are as usual confronted by some of his ingenious contradictions and paradoxes. *Iolanthe* is a fairy condemned to dwell at the bottom of a stream as punishment for having married a mortal. The offspring of their union, *Strephon*, is a fairy to the waist, but from the waist downward he is "a gibbering idiot." "My body," he says, "can creep through a key-hole, but what's the good of that when my legs are left kicking behind?" He loves and is loved by *Phyllis*, a ward in chancery, but the *Lord Chancellor* himself is a suitor for her hand, though the fact that he has to ask his own permission to marry her involves him in delicate perplexity. Meanwhile he forbids the "Arcadian shepherd," *Strephon*, to look upon her as his; but she informs him and his peers, who have marched in dignified procession on the stage, that she cannot accept their addresses. When they have left, *Strephon* has a meeting with his mother, whose assistance he implores. Being a fairy, *Iolanthe* is endowed with eternal youth; and *Strephon*, being seen with her, is therefore accused of infidelity. In vain he explains that this "maid of seventeen," as the peers call her, is his mother, and has been ever since his birth. *Phyllis* herself becomes jealous, and declares she will now marry one of the peers. *Strephon* calls upon the winged fairies to prove his ancestry. They trip upon the stage with their *Queen*, who is as massive as *Lady Jane* in "Patience," but talks about curling herself inside a buttercup, swinging upon a cobweb, and diving into a dewdrop. She has the misfortune to be taken for the proprietor of a young ladies' seminary, and in revenge predicts that *Strephon* shall sit in the next Parliament, that earldoms and peerages shall be sold for three a penny, and "a duke's exalted station be attainable by competitive examination." In the second act, which is placed in the Palace yard, with a gorgeous view of the Houses of Parliament in the background, *Phyllis* and *Strephon* get reconciled, but the *Lord Chancellor* still refuses his consent until *Iolanthe* interposes and explains that she is his wife and *Strephon* their son. She was to have suffered capital punishment for loving a mortal, but had been pardoned on condition of never revealing who her husband was. Now that she has done so to save her son, she is again condemned to die. But the fairies declare that in that case they all must die, for they have all fallen in love with the peers. The *Queen* relents because she "can't slaughter the whole company." The rule is changed into "every fairy shall die who don't marry a mortal," and the *Queen*, to save herself, proposes to *Private Willis*, the sentry, who consents, as he "don't think much of the British



soldier who wouldn't ill-convenience himself to save a female in distress."

—Of the music which Mr. Sullivan has added to this play it may be briefly said that it is well written and nicely instrumented, but lacks originality. Several of his numbers will always be encored, as they were on Saturday, but they will not add to his reputation as a writer of catching songs. A brass band is introduced on the stage in the first act, as in the "Merry War," but the march they play is commonplace compared with that played in Strauss's operetta, or in the works of Suppé. The scenery is superb, and the costumes likewise, displaying a noble disregard for expense, and a regard for correctness in material and style. The ensemble was smooth enough for a first night, and in a few days will be as satisfactory as usual at this theatre.

#### CORY'S GUIDE TO MODERN ENGLISH HISTORY.

*A Guide to Modern English History.* By William Cory. Part 1, 1815-1880. Part 2, 1830-1885. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.; New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1882.

MR. CORY is a writer who thinks for himself. This statement may appear to be as high praise as a reviewer can bestow upon an author; but it is not so. A man may "think for himself," and be full of crotchets; he may think for himself, and be wanting in judgment; he may think for himself, and be deficient in knowledge of facts and in precision of thought; he may, in short, think for himself, and yet, from one cause or another, think wrong. Nay, to speak the truth, the independent thinker not only may display all the faults we have mentioned, but is specially liable to do so. The beaten track is as often as not the right track, and the man who makes his path for himself constantly blunders into quagmires which would have been avoided by the crowd who keep to the dull but safe high-road. Mr. Cory has, with many of the merits, all the faults of the man who thinks for himself. To judge him by his eccentricities or errors were absurdly unjust, but it is a dereliction of all critical duty to conceal or pass over the mistakes or conceits of an ingenious writer.

"Suppose there was a land in which paper reckonings of claims were unknown, in which all wealth was tangible, it would be possible for all households to lay up stores of clothing enough for many years, but not stores of food. In the most prudent community the sick and the old would, like the infants, partake of recently procured food, not of old garnered food. They would eat things brought to them by the strong and the lucky. Suppose, on the other hand, a country in which there are intangible properties, consisting of claims, expressed on paper. In such a country it seems impossible for any one to invest savings."

Whoever will reflect for a few minutes on the astounding doctrine contained in this paragraph will understand the feeling of the Frenchman who asserted, that the whole science of political economy had been hopelessly confused by the existence of *ce maudit argent*. Here is Mr. Cory, a man of a good deal more than ordinary knowledge and of considerable acuteness, who absolutely believes that the existence of bank notes is fatal to economy. Pay Hodges in kind, and Hodges, says Mr. Cory, may be a saving man; pay him in £5 notes, and it becomes impossible for Hodges to save or invest.

Any one, however, may grow confused on questions of currency, a topic on which it seems impossible to draw the line clearly between sanity and insanity. Let us hear Mr. Cory, then, upon a matter of hard definite law:

"It was not then, as it has been since, established by evidence, that he [George IV.] had,

without the King's consent, married a Roman Catholic lady; that his public marriage with his cousin Caroline was a bigamous, therefore a void, transaction. Of course the Ministers thought the secret marriage a sham, and the Catholic lady only a concubine. In her time George was a Whig; both parties were entangled in his intrigues; an heir apparent to the Crown is as troublesome as a King to the men who rule England."

In this paragraph Mr. Cory either directly or by necessary implication asserts, that George IV. was, while Prince of Wales, legally married to a Roman Catholic lady—namely, Mrs. Fitzherbert: that his subsequent marriage with Caroline was a bigamous, and therefore a void, transaction, and that the King's daughter, the Princess Charlotte, was illegitimate and not entitled to succeed to the throne of which she was through life considered as the presumptive heiress. Now, each one of these assertions is demonstrably and notoriously untrue, though no doubt made by Mr. Cory in perfect good faith. It is really worth while in this case to state with precision the different errors which his perversion of law and history involves. They may be easily summed up: (1.) It is extremely doubtful whether the so-called marriage between the Prince of Wales and Mrs. Fitzherbert was believed by either of the parties to it to be a legally binding ceremony; the most that can be said for the lady is that she held it a marriage valid in the eye of the Roman Catholic Church, and therefore of heaven. (2.) It is absolutely certain that the marriage was, by the law of England, no marriage at all. This is the result of the Royal Marriage Act (12 Geo. III., cap. 11), and, if confirmation were needed, is conclusively settled by the Sussex Peerage case. (3.) Since George was never legally married, or, to put the thing plainly, was never married at all, to Mrs. Fitzherbert, his marriage with Caroline was not bigamous, and was not a void transaction; and hence (4) his child by Queen Caroline was legitimate, and was, as she has always been held to be, heiress to the Crown of England. What increases the oddity of Mr. Cory's mistakes is that he does not see the real danger in which the Prince was involved, not by marrying, but by attempting to marry, a Roman Catholic. There was a real risk lest he should invalidate his claim to the Crown under the Act of Settlement. The marriage might be void, but the penalty, as Lord John Russell puts it in his 'Life of Fox,' might be incurred.

What is the explanation of all this unconscionable amount of blundering on Mr. Cory's part? He was under no necessity to write a word about George's marriage. As he has written about it, it is almost an impertinence to suggest that he had never read the Royal Marriage Act, or glanced over the pages of Stanhope's 'Life of Pitt,' or Russell's 'Life of Fox'; yet had he done so it is all but impossible to imagine that he could have penned the passage on which we have commented. All that we can even hint at by way of explanation is, that men as able and as acute as Mr. Cory have fallen into quagmires as deep as that in which he flounders when they have mistaken the jack o'lantern of a paradox for the light of a newly discovered truth. Such men, however, are hardly safe guides through the paths of English history.

A dangerous guide may be a clever and instructive companion. This is exactly the case with Mr. Cory. Any one who knows something about the modern history of England may gain a great deal from his lively and paradoxical comments. If you want solid, systematic information, you had better go to the dull pages of Mr. Walpole; but if you wish to have old things put in a new and suggestive light, Mr. Cory is the man you want. His very errors are sug-

gestive, and it would be most unfair to lead our readers to conclude that errors of any kind made up the mass of his work. His book might best be described as the comments of a sharp-witted, lively, and crotchety English gentleman on the history of the last sixty years. Even where you do not agree with him, it is often worth while thinking whether you ought not to agree with him, and what is the ground of your disagreement. Thus, he is of opinion that the fears of disturbance and revolution which haunted English ministers during the thirty years which followed the close of the great war were, in the main, groundless. He points to the weakness and inefficiency of the Radicals or Revolutionists, such as Hunt, Brandreth, Bamford, Watson, and the like, whose intrigues were supposed to menace the security of the country. He also calls attention to the fact that, even at the crisis of the Reform Bill, the amount of popular violence displayed was trifling. There is a good deal to be said in favor of Mr. Cory's view, and it must never be forgotten that statesmen who had witnessed or knew by immediate report the horrors of the French Revolution naturally felt an alarm at popular violence unknown both to their fathers and to their children. Still, when the whole evidence before us is carefully weighed, we are forced to the conclusion that, as regards the imminence of dangers to the State, the statesmen of the Regency were far nearer the truth than Mr. Cory. The danger lay not in the strength of conspirators like Brandreth, or of ruffians who planned the Cato Street plot, but in the kind of half sympathy felt with conspirators by men who did not themselves conspire. A sense of injustice and of misgovernment irritated the middle classes. The spread of pauperism, the growth of large manufacturing towns, all the pressure and misery which sudden social changes almost always involve, fostered discontent among the poor. A lucifer match is an innocent thing enough in itself, but few persons would care to see a lucifer match lighted in a powder magazine; and the simple truth is that between 1815 and 1845 there were in England materials for an explosion which might result from kindling a very small flame.

It is to be regretted that Mr. Cory does not see this, for his optimistic estimate of the condition of the country before 1832 somewhat detracts from the effect of his very excellent account of the movement of which the great Reform Bill was at once the sign and the cause. But, though Mr. Cory, under the influence of inveterate optimism and of a childlike faith in the political sagacity of "English gentlemen," may have a good deal underestimated the perils of the crisis through which England passed in 1832, we have hardly ever met with a writer who on the whole showed a keener insight into the characteristics of the period of reform. He is far more alive than are most historians to the influence exerted during Lord Grey's Ministry by the individual characters of the statesmen who made up the Whig Cabinet. He hits off with singular clearness the leading traits of Grey's own character; he shows that Lord Althorp, in spite of obvious deficiencies, possessed a good deal more ability than he is generally credited with at the present day.

Mr. Cory further suggests a partial explanation of the singular contrast between the administrative incapacity which, in the course of a very few years, ruined the prestige of the Whigs, and the statesmanlike largeness of several of their measures, and notably of their scheme for the amendment of the poor-laws. The fact seems to be that the appearance of incapacity arose in great part from mere want of official training, and in part also from the diffi-

culty of carrying out reforms through the agency of permanent officials appointed by Tories and brought up under all the traditions of Toryism. The statesmanlike grasp, on the other hand, and the bold initiative which mark certain portions of the policy of the Whig Cabinet, is due to the fact that its members were so earnest in their desire to improve the institutions of the country that they were willing to call in, by means of commissions and committees, theorists and experts such as Drummond, Sturges Bourne, and Senior. The philosophical radicals, and the thinkers whom Croker derided in the *Quarterly* as Benthamite coxcombs, supplied all that was soundest in the speculative statesmanship of the era of reform. Whoever wishes to see what this statesmanship was at its best should read and reread Mr. Cory's admirable account of the vices of the old poor-law, and of the mode in which they were corrected. Mr. Cory shows that the attempt to amend the distribution of relief to the poor involved something like the institution of parochial corporations. He also points out the characteristically English mode in which new bodies were created without actually destroying old offices and institutions that had practically become obsolete. To have shown with truth that this mode of gradual, bit by bit reform, which aims at effecting essential changes without altering existing forms or names, is preëminently English, is, we rather suspect, in Mr. Cory's opinion the same thing as showing that this tortuous mode of procedure is inherently wise and good. There are not a few of his readers who may decline to admit that the system of looking one way and going another does not involve serious disadvantages. If the Whigs had avowedly turned parishes into corporations, it would now be far easier than it is for England to meet some of the most difficult problems of the day. However this may be, Mr. Cory is, when at his best, as suggestive by exciting disagreement as by convincing us that he is right. He is, as we have said, not the safest of guides; but he has with the defects the virtues of a man who will not repeat mere formulas, but who, even when he is in error, thinks for himself.

#### CHILDREN'S BOOKS.—III.

ONE of the best boys' books of the season is 'Belt and Spur' (Scribner & Welford), a collection of stories of chivalry from the chroniclers of the Middle Ages. It begins with Wace's account of "how Duke William and his knights landed in England," and ends with "the act of arms between the Lord Scads and the Bastard of Burgundy" in 1467. The stories are seventeen in number, of great variety, both in character and in style of narration, being taken from a great number of chroniclers. Most of them are genuine history, the least historical being a most entertaining account of the exploits of the outlaw Fulk Fitzwarine, in the reign of King John. Of especial interest is the account of "the last deeds of Sir Harry Hotspur"—giving many details which the reader of Shakespeare recognizes. Our only quarrel with the book is that the name of the compiler is concealed under the initials E. L. S., and that the authority for each story and illustration is not specifically given. Boys care nothing for this, to be sure, but then this book is as good for men as for boys. The illustrations (the book, by the way, is English, with an American title-page) "are mainly adapted from illuminated manuscripts in the British Museum."

Mr. Sidney Lanier's posthumous 'The Boy's Percy' (Scribner) will be likely to find its way beside his 'Boy's Froissart' and 'Boy's King Arthur.' It contains thirty-five of the best-

known ballads in Bishop Percy's collection, with the spelling modernized, and with what is unclean left out—so that, for example, "The Nut-Brown Maid" becomes admissible. It would be easy to suggest favorites that one would like to see here, but books have their limits, and Mr. Lanier's poetic sense could be trusted to choose only what is intrinsically good, from a literary point of view. It is remarkable that his prose style could not accommodate itself to young minds; at least we cannot imagine how differently he would have composed his Introduction, had he been addressing adult readers. Still, his parting words to his boy audience are sound and wholesome, and he gives all that is needful of the strange history of the 'Reliques.'

H. W. Mabie's 'Norse Stories Retold from the Eddas' (Boston: Roberts Bros.) are fascinating reading for young or old, though the style is not specially adapted for children. They tell of the making of the world, Odin's search for wisdom, the apples of Idun, Thor's wonderful journey, the twilight of the gods, the new earth, and many other Northern legends. The reader will be impressed by the weird and gloomy features of these Scandinavian myths, by which they are distinguished from the serene beauty of the Greek legends; and also by a peculiar vastness of conception, owing to their atmospheric or astronomical background. The gods are in constant conflict with the powers of darkness and with various zoological monsters—for example, a colossal snake, which grew until he coiled around the whole earth; the giant Thjasse, with eagle plumage, who carried off Loki and made him promise to steal the apples of Idun to which the gods owed their eternal youth and beauty; the giant Fenris wolf, whose hungry jaws stretched so far apart that they reached from heaven to earth, and who pursued the sun as he was sinking, and devoured it, whereupon awful darkness came over all—the darkness of the Fimbul winter. The chapter headed "The Twilight of the Gods," in which this Fimbul winter is described, would have been fit inspiration for Byron's lugubrious poem, "Darkness."

Mr. James Otis's sequel to his 'Toby Tyler, or Ten Weeks with a Circus,' published last year, bears the title of 'Mr. Stubbs's Brother,' and most of the old characters reappear in it. The new story has not quite the freshness of the old, but it is as amusing, as natural, and as wholesome. Mr. Stubbs, it may be remembered, was the intelligent and most mischievous monkey given to Toby while he was with the circus. Mr. Stubbs's brother is another monkey, of even more vicious propensities, given to Toby when the circus visits his old home. There is much knowledge of American boy-nature shown in the account of the efforts of Toby's young friends to make use of his acquaintance with a real circus in the getting up of an amateur circus. The cover of the present volume is a great improvement on the gaudier one of 'Toby Tyler,' and we must praise also the open page and large type, and the graphic illustrations of Mr. Rogers (Harper & Brothers).

'The Wonderful City of Tokio,' by Mr. Edward Greey (Boston: Lee & Shepard), is the trophy of the second of the three visits made by the author to Japan—the first with Commodore Perry's expedition in 1853, and the last two since 1880. Being a good artist as well as penman, Mr. Greey has designed for his book a wonderful cover of plum-blossoms and gold, with the snow-clad Fuji Yama in the centre, and the jolly god Yebis turning the great earthquake-catfish into a Pegasus, and whipping him up the sky over Fuji, while Furu-roku-jin, the long-headed god, sits frightened on his tail. This picture of a night-fish—instead of a night-mare—is a sure proof that Japanese as well as our own young-

sters overload their digestive organs with pastry and sweets at New Year's time. Inside the covers we find in Mr. Greey's lively book of wonders no less than 169 woodcuts, some of which are of the familiar Frenchy sort, though most of them are outline designs by native artists, engraved in Japan. Besides the odd phases of life in the big city when it was Yedo, the last new thing on the streets of the national capital and the Tokio of 1882 is hit off by these half-caricatures. The Jewett family not only go out to see the sights, but study the details of lacquer, porcelain, fan-making, ink and dry-goods, so that much really valuable information is conveyed to the reader in a pleasing way. The book opens a window into the mysteries of Japanese art-production, and to have read it is for the American boy or girl an introduction to a fascinating study. To each chapter is prefixed an appropriate stanza from a Japanese poet, which, though of a certain Walt-Whitmanish flavor, is more informing than a catalogue and pleasanter in style. The following is one of the best:

"The potter moulds the clay upon the wheel, and behold a jar valued at a few sen (cents).  
The artist takes his brush, and decorates the ware, and lo, the piece is worth the ransom of a great warrior."

Every page of the book betrays the author's thorough familiarity with the Japanese character, both human and typographic, and he gives us a picture of New Japan, showing how at every turn the old and the new civilization jostle each other. The old quaint and pleasing superstitions are being hustled away before the meaner superstitions of trade and Mammon. The book is both fascinating and instructive, despite the monotonous gestures and behavior of Sally and Fritz.

Gautier's 'My Household of Pets' (Roberts Bros.) is full of amusing characters and incidents, and embraces a great variety of pets, from cats to horses and lizards. But the translator should have felt at liberty to prune away the allusiveness of the original. How many children can understand, and how many parents explain, what "the elegy of Millevoeye" is? Even in the opening sentence—"Caricatures are in existence which represent us clothed in Turkish fashion"—the journalistic *us* should have been changed to *me*, in order to be quickly intelligible.

A pleasant fancy, a good English style, and good taste characterize five fairy stories, called 'Little Folk in Green,' written by Henrietta Christian Wright, and published by White & Stokes. Miss Lydia Emmet furnishes a colored design for each story.

When we come to the illustrated books *par excellence*, where shall we begin if not with the old and tried? Such is Asbjørnsen's 'Folk and Fairy Tales,' translated by H. L. Brækstad (Armstrong), for it is the same book—identically, the clever Norwegian pictures and all—which we noticed last April under the title borne by the English edition, 'Around the Yule-Log'; and the source is one from which Sir G. W. Dasent helped himself, in his 'Tales from the North,' some thirty years ago, without excess of acknowledgment. We repeat that it is a capital book to have in the house. Then, there is Lucy Crane's fresh translation of a certain number of Grimm's 'Märchen'—'Household Stories,' she calls it. In this case Macmillan & Co. are the publishers, and Walter Crane furnishes graceful designs—head and tail-pieces, initial letters, and full-page drawings once in a while. The print and binding are in corresponding good taste, and the version delightfully idiomatic.

We may fitly follow these with Kate Greenaway's 'Almanack for 1883,' and Mr. R. Caldecott's newest picture-books (Routledge). The 'Almanack' is a dainty thing indeed, executed with that unerring felicity which Miss Greena-



way shows in her slightest work, and with characteristic refinement. Her active little people are sometimes mere dots of things, yet are as inimitable as Bewick's tail-pieces. Of the full-page figures, charming are those of the New Year and of the Spring. True to her sex, Miss Greenaway makes the Old and New Year women as well as the Seasons. As for Mr. Caldecott, in 'Hey, Diddle Diddle and Baby Bunting,' and 'The Milkmaid,' he shows again his perennial gift for extracting material for illustration from the most unpromising verse. Think of inventing five situations for "Nobody asked you, Sir!" she said." With all his other admirable qualities, we find our greatest enjoyment in the largeness of this artist's perspectives.

Lieutenant-Colonel Seccombe has taken in hand 'The Good Old Story of Cinderella,' and retold it in rhyme, with some pictorial embellishments of his own invention, both in black and white and in color (A. C. Armstrong & Son). His drollery is kept well in hand—it is so easy to vulgarize—his verse is correctly measured off, and his illustrations rather clever, though not remarkable. The colored plates, after their kind, are not to be preferred to the woodcuts.

Dickens's 'Boots at the Holly Tree Inn' (Cassell) is not fit reading for children, and on that account it is just as well that Mr. J. C. Beard's designs for it are crude in color and drawing, and dreadfully common in sentiment.

There are pretty and refined studies of English child and nursery life in Ida Waugh's 'Wee Babies' (E. P. Dutton & Co.), though mothers must judge of the safety of presenting such examples to their babies as "The Battle" and "The Little Barber"—this last a scene of juvenile hair-cutting ruinous to front locks. The coloring is mostly in flat washes. Miss Blanchard's descriptive verse is of ordinary quality, and is throughout disfigured by the use of the ill-bred substitutes, "poppa" and "mamma" (as they must be read), for papa' and mamma'.

Mr. Walter Satterlee's three-fish ornament is the best of his contributions to 'Elfinland' (George W. Harlan & Co.), and some few of his colored plates are happily conceived and executed. Miss Josephine Pollard, on her part, occasionally comes near to making a good Mother Goose melody, but the most of her rhymes are rather pointless. The joint product is accordingly of uneven and questionable merit.

There is a great diversity of talent among the five artists employed upon Mrs. Mary D. Brine's 'Christmas Rhymes and New Year's Chimes' (George W. Harlan & Co.). At the top stands Mrs. Jessie Curtis Shephard, whose graceful delineations of children have long been familiar to the magazine-reading public. She has here been too sparingly called upon, but every picture of hers tells amid the inferior draughtsmanship of her colleagues—women like herself, with one exception. "The Small Burglar" of the poem bearing that name is capitally studied, and has been very successfully interpreted on the wood by a woman's hand. Mrs. Brine's muse is liberal as to quantity.

Gertrude Clement's 'Pussy Willow and Other Child Songs' (White & Stokes) contains within illustrated covers thirty-two poems by Henriette Cushing, set to music by S. E. Farrar, each song being accompanied by an appropriate illustration. The music is of that simple kind, devoid of ideas, of which so much is found in our Sunday-school books. Why not take German or Italian folk-songs, which are as simple and as easy as these, but at the same time possess a great melodic or rhythmic charm? The illustrations are better in conception than in execution, and the color printing is rather blotchy.

A certain woodenness pervades 'Around the House' (R. Worthington). Mr. Edward Willett's

rhymes are respectable, and so are Mr. Charles Kendrick's colored illustrations. A higher level they never reach.

The 'Landseer Series of Picture Books' (T. Nelson & Sons) will make their way at once, and deservedly. They are adorned, within and without, with colored copies of Landseer's most familiar animal pieces, with more or less faithful suggestions of the color of the originals. The text, by Mrs. Surr, is simple and easily intelligible, and is printed in bold type. The covers are of paper.

Robert Bloomfield's provincial ballad, 'The Horkey' (Macmillan), has been admirably fitted for childish enjoyment by Mr. George Cruikshank, whose colored decorations and illustrations do no discredit to his name. There is much art in the picture of the moonlight walk home through the damp air:

"For, when we laugh'd, it laugh'd again,  
And to our own doors follow'd!  
'Yo, ho!' we cried; 'Yo, ho!' so plain  
The misty meadow halloo'd."

And what Mr. F. C. Burnand, in his punning prefatory address, calls the "horkeytectural" part of these character-sketches—the interiors, the mantel-pieces, the old-fashioned chairs, the clocks, the set tables—is throughout delightful. Mr. Burnand makes obscurely plain that "the horkey" is the harvest-home festival in Suffolk, England. Mr. Bloomfield purposely weaves into his verses, descriptive of the "Suffolk fun," the "lingo of their own," italicizing it lest it may escape notice, as some of the words would in this country. Both pictorially and in a literary point of view this production has a quaintness and humor which are certain to amuse both young and old.

#### RECENT POETRY.

It is said to be the test of a gentleman that he should look well in a dress-coat, and an illustrated edition is the dress-coat of poetry. All the vast sum spent by Rogers in securing Turner to illustrate his 'Italy' and his 'Poems' only revealed the discrepancy between that smooth, shallow versification and Turner's work. It is Mr. Aldrich who has tempted this perilous test in one of the most beautiful books ever issued in America—'The Poems of Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Illustrated by the Paint and Clay Club' (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). The mechanical execution leaves nothing to be desired, and the landscape illustrations are sometimes of exquisite beauty. As is too common in American books, the representations of the human figure are far less good; the "Fisher's Daughter" (p. 111) seems like an uncouth wood-carving, and in the illustrations to "Baby Bell" there is an almost grotesque contrast between the extreme youthfulness of the theme and the decidedly mature personage depicted in the tail-piece. But, in truth, this inequality between the human interest and the natural scenery belongs well enough to the poetry itself: there are charming descriptions of nature, but the verse sounds no depth; there is finish, but it is the finish of Barry Cornwall, not of Tennyson. Sometimes there is a flavor of imitation so marked that it would seem almost intentional: the "Dolores" (p. 49) has caught precisely the jingle of Thackeray, and the "Lamia" (p. 106) is a rewriting of Keats's "La Belle Dame sans Merci." The motif is in this last case almost precisely the same with that of the earlier poem, and so is the measure. In Keats we read:

"I met a lady in the meads,  
Full beautiful—a faery's child;  
Her hair was long, her foot was light,  
And her eyes were wild."

Mr. Aldrich gives us:

"I met a woman in the glade:  
Her hair was soft and brown,  
And long, bent silken lashes weighed  
Her ivory eyelids down."

Had Bayard Taylor, or anybody with a knack at imitation, printed either of these poems by Mr. Aldrich to represent the style of Keats or of Thackeray, we should all have said, "Well done!" and it is this which makes the misfortune of the verses when they appear without any such explanation.

Mr. Aldrich deserves credit for his high standard of literary workmanship. His taste is fastidious and his ear nice; he never leaves anything in slovenly or wilfully neglected condition. This makes it the more inexplicable that he should sometimes be betrayed into incorrect or inadequate rhymes—as, "vain" and "again" (p. 22), "talons" and "balance" (p. 51), "pan-sies" and "fancies" (p. 59), "stood" and "mood" (p. 68). His poems cannot be ranked as classics, but they often have the form of classics; they present such graceful thoughts, clothed in words so delicate, that criticism is almost disarmed. In presence of anything so pretty as the verses about the white-rose lover, for instance (p. 73), we are compelled to admit that nothing of the kind could be better; it is in its way delicious, but, after all, it is the deliciousness of fresh confectionery after dinner. There is the same difference between Mr. Aldrich's verse and great poetry that there is between Edwin Booth's acting and great tragedy.

If this limitation attaches to the work of an experienced littérateur like Mr. Aldrich, what can be said of the younger men who are treading in his path, who are where he was twenty years ago, or at the period when the very juvenile portrait prefixed to his volume was painted? Mr. Aldrich has, at least, entire simplicity of purpose, and there is no evidence that he overrates himself. But Mr. Rennell Rodd comes before us severely handicapped by the fact that his poems are edited by his friend Mr. Oscar Wilde. They appear under the name of 'Rose-Leaf and Apple-Leaf' (Philadelphia: Stoddart & Co.), the little verses being daintily printed on tissue-paper of the appropriate shades, and decorated with preposterous little Japanese vignettes. There is no harm in the poems; they have none of the pruriency shown in those of Mr. Rodd's "heart's brother," as he calls him in the dedication; they are such as many sentimental youths write in college; but, after all, they suggest the advice of Voltaire to a young friend, that he should proclaim himself ruler of the vast empire of the inane: "Le néant est un grand empire; regnez-y!" The really remarkable thing is, that Mr. Wilde, long since crowned in that domain, should consent to bear a brother near his throne.

'The Praise and Blame of Love, with Other Verse' (Glasgow: Wilson & McCormick) bears such a look of the current affectation in its title, that one opens it expecting to find only the accustomed beverage of Rossetti-and-water. Is it because the author is a Scotchman that he gives us, nevertheless, poetry with some fibre in it, and cannot be namby-pamby even where, as in the "Patch of Loch," he comes dangerously near it? Such a sonnet as the following makes a positive addition to the literature of the sea, and ranks with some of the fine lines of Alexander Smith, or with one or two of Sydney Dobell's ballads—these being Edinboro' men, and the present poet from Glasgow:

#### "THE SEA."

"In sunlight and in storm, the giant sea  
Breathes with the equal breath of yearlong sleep;  
From breath to breath it is a day, so deep,  
So utter deep his rest. The winds in glee  
May pass like faery dreams across his face  
Or winds in wrath may stir the spumy hair  
That hoary was ere toiling peoples were,  
Or flowers, or grass, or any pleasant place;  
But still he sleeps, with breath on equal breath,  
And still he sleeps, till now we scarcely fear;  
Yet once he rose and swept the green earth clear,  
And laughed alone the surging heavens beneath.  
Dream'at thou again to tumble thrones and creeds  
Deep down together 'mid the tangled weeds?"

(P. 135.)

We can see nothing of promise in Mr. Theodore Tilton's 'Swabian Stories' (New York: Worthington), because, though the research and the effort are meritorious, the verse is flat and tame, and the ballads long-winded. Mr. Boyesen's 'Idyls of Norway' (New York: Scribner) are far more pleasing, and indeed the author's poetry, like his prose, flows with only too great facility, and shows too little concentration. The few sonnets at the end of the book reveal more of thought and vigor than has been visible in most of the work done by this writer. 'Holiday Idlesse, and Other Poems,' by James H. West (Boston: A. Williams & Co.) is a reprint of an earlier volume, with many additions; and it is accompanied, for the convenience of reviewers—who are known to be a timid and self-distrustful race—by a list of passages deemed meritorious, with an occasional asterisk designating the very best. There are some extracts also given, so that an ordinary pair of scissors will soon construct the review. The drawback is that, to avoid monotony, even the most indolent reviewer must select something not thus prescribed, and we prefer to print the following, which we must respectfully decline to mark (\*):

"Calm on the cadent evening air  
The Medford bells are ringing;  
Mild is the musical chime they bear,  
Gladly their sibilant song I share,  
Peace to my sad heart bringing.

"Ah! of what matter browning fields!  
What matter flowers that wither!  
Brighter far blossoms Wisdom yields,  
Stronger far sceptre Virtue wields:  
Come! let us wander thither" (p. 65).

Lays simpler than this, and to our taste more pleasing, are to be found in 'Songs of Lake Geneva, and Other Poems,' by John Brayshaw Kaye (New York: Putnam). The best of these are, as usual, those which have the most of local coloring, and which contribute something toward that web of romance and tradition which will one day prove our lakes and hills to be as good classic ground as any other. In this respect we receive but what we give; were it not for the poetic nature of the Scottish people, the hills of their country would to-day be as bare to the imagination as to the eye. The true tradition is in the poet's mind; the guides in Scotland exhibit to you the scenes of imaginary battles in "The Lady of the Lake" with as much patriotic zeal as if they were pointing out Bannockburn.

'Sheaves,' by Harriet Converse (New York: Putnam), have here and there a glimpse of local coloring, as in "Regal October," but not very much of it. Mr. John McGovern's 'A Pastoral Poem, and Other Pieces' (Chicago: Union Publishing House), has something of it in "Irkoutsik to San Francisco," though the doggerel rhymes at the end of the volume rather disfigure the whole. The same local interest attaches to the scenes on the Chagrin or Shagreen River in Illinois, as described in 'The Hunter of the Shagreen: a Descriptive Poem' (Cleveland: Williams); although, apart from this, the work is not remarkable. On the other hand, we cannot find anything that is distinctively American, or much that is positively interesting, in long poems constructed out of the inner consciousness, like Mr. Leonard Wheeler's 'Erothanatos,' published nominally, and most appropriately, by the "Melancholy Club" (New York: Miller). 'Lethe, and Other Poems,' by David Morgan Jones (Philadelphia: Lippincott), has a most soporific title, but contains some good patriotic verse, on themes of the war, showing that the author did not go to sleep over his own poem, as did La Fontaine at the performance of his own opera. 'The Inevitable,' by Edward McIntyre (New York: Vaux & Koper), is also one of the rather abstruse effusions, but has a real purpose in dealing with the question of Social-

ism. More extraordinary than any of these larger poems is 'The Modern Job,' by Henry Peterson (Philadelphia: Lippincott), included in a second series of his verses. Job is a modern man, whose trials and temptations are of the period; the villain of the piece, or one of the villains, being a certain dwarf, who thus describes the hero:

"Ha! what's this?  
By hokey-pokey, it's as good as a play:  
First one, and then another—in one day, too.  
I wonder if there is a comet about?  
As sure as Thou and Thou, and Yea and Nay,  
It is that Job. I know his measure, too—  
One-fourth, say, Quaker, one-fourth Rationalist,  
One-fourth good Orthodox, and one-fourth Fool.  
Only one-fourth a fool! Why, he is a sample!"  
(p. 125).

It is worth noticing that among the shorter and less eccentric poems of Mr. Peterson is one in defence of Helen of Troy, in which he takes the ground that she was not a culpable person, and was only beguiled by the goddess into mistaking Paris for her husband (p. 47). It seems that it is now Helen's turn for vindication, since Mr. A. Lang, previously well known as a translator, has written a much more elaborate plea for her ('Helen of Troy': New York: Scribner), in which he goes a step further and makes her not merely mistake her lover for Menelaus, but forget her lord and master altogether, under the influence of the goddess, so that she passes into a total oblivion of the past. It is a sort of legal plea of somnambulism, in fact. With this explanation, Mr. Lang completely disarms all criticism on the moral side, and bears us to a really delightful Greek world, where all is grace and poetry, and no one ever does anything wrong. There is just enough flavor of William Morris about it all to make it attractive, and the inferiority of the workmanship is not felt until we reach "The Death of Paris," and compare the treatment with the depth and emotional power of Morris's poem under that title, which is, we take it, his greatest work.

There is another poem on a classic theme by an American lady residing in Europe, Miss Virginia Vaughan. Her subject is 'Ulysses and the Sirens,' and she treats it with some originality of thought and feeling, and with smoothness of expression, but without marked poetic power. Her work is dedicated to James Russell Lowell. Poetry of more marked quality, also by an American woman, is to be found in 'Songs of a Semite: the Dance to Death; and Other Poems,' by Emma Lazarus (New York: Office of the American Hebrew). Miss Lazarus has long since proved her credentials as a poet by works both original and translated, and in each case of high excellence. She is true to her race, yet not enslaved to its traditions; and has more than feminine boldness and freedom of touch, yet without a trace of coarseness. Perhaps the most striking poem in this volume is where she ventures on a thought of Heine's and works it out; first translating his "Donna Clara," in which a high-born damsel finds herself unwittingly betrayed into an intrigue with what she most despises, a Jew; and then carrying out the story—perfectly in keeping with the original thought, and also with the probabilities of the period—into the birth of a son who is brought up ignorant of his parentage, hates the Jews, and at last, as abbot of a monastery, condemns his own father to death. This finale is so striking that one wishes the two parts added by Miss Lazarus could be rendered into German, to see how they would seem beside the original poem. Her talent as a translator also appears in this volume by some notable versions from the Spanish-Hebraic mediæval poets; and the leading tragedy, "The Dance to Death," is full of power, though shown in a very painful form, the plot turning on Jewish perse-

cutions in the fourteenth century. The whole book is remarkable, and it is a pity that when so much commonplace verse comes to us in luxurious type and paper, this thin pamphlet should appear in almost the dinginess of a newspaper-extra issue.

Another poem deeply tinged with religious interest, though of a very modern and free-thinking description, is 'The Trinity: a Nineteenth-Century Passion-Play' (Cambridge, England: Johnson). The very title predicts that inevitable jarring upon the pious sensibilities which the word "passion-play" now describes; and, indeed, it makes little difference whether the attempt to reproduce the old form takes place in Cambridge or in San Francisco. The author boldly intensifies this natural shrinking on the reader's part by giving him plenty of details that are rather repellent, such as the delineation of Mary Magdalene in the light of an almost successful temptress, ere she becomes a penitent. Yet this is the portion of the performance which is best executed; the higher parts are not so successful, and the lower parts are flat; while there is, nevertheless, a certain freshness of spirit throughout the book, carrying promise with it, and making the poem something quite out of the ordinary, both as to form and theme.

It would seem almost inappropriate to pass without due interval from these minor poets to the announcement of a new volume by Browning, 'Agamemnon, La Saisiaz, and Dramatic Idyls' (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), were it not that it is largely a reprint of older volumes, and therefore demands a consideration less ample at the present time. It contains his powerful and rather craggy translation of the 'Agamemnon' of Æschylus; a reprint of the English volume that held, among other pieces, "The Two Poets of Croisic" and "Ivan Ivanovitch"; together with a second series of "Dramatic Lyrics." These last will come with the greatest novelty to his American readers, but every poem in the volume bears proof that Browning's extraordinary powers are as great now, when he writes in England, as when he once wrote from Italy, and that he still goes on working out his own poetic theories and creating the taste by which he is enjoyed. The volume of 'Studies from Browning,' by our countryman Mr. Holland, lately published in London, with an introduction by Mrs. Sutherland Orr, must soon aid in popularizing the fame of this the strongest of the modern English poets; and one might apply to Browning himself the poem in this volume which he possibly meant to apply to Carlyle—the fine poem of "Echelos," founded on a Greek tale of the clown who won the chief laurels of the fight at Marathon, though wielding for a weapon only his own ploughshare:

"But one man kept no rank, and his sole arm piled no spear,  
As a flashing came and went, and a form 't the van,  
the rear,  
Brightened the battle up, for he blazed now there, now here.

"Nor helmet nor shielded he! but a goat-skin all his wear,  
Like a tiller of the soil, with a clown's limbs broad and bare,  
Went he ploughing on and on: he pushed with a ploughman's share."

*Dictionary of Music and Musicians.* By George Grove, D. C. L. Parts XV.-XVI. Schoberlechner to Sketches. Macmillan, 1882.

A YEAR has elapsed since the appearance of the last number of Grove's 'Dictionary,' but the new number atones for this delay by its size (271 pp.) and the quality of its contents. The best articles are that on Schubert by the editor, which we like better still than his Beethoven, and that on Schumann by Professor Spitta, the famous biographer of Bach. Dr. Grove has



long been known as one of the best authorities on Schubert, his theory of the existence of a tenth symphony having brought him prominently before the public. His whole article is pervaded by an enthusiasm which gives a peculiar zest to both the biographic and critical portions, leaving on the reader's mind an emotional impression similar to that which would be produced by the works under discussion—which is the highest praise that could be bestowed on criticism. He still adheres to his belief in regard to an additional symphony, written about two and a half years before the great one in C. No. 9; but the evidence is not advanced any further than it was a year ago, when he summed it up in the *Athenæum* of November 19.

Eleven pages are devoted to a carefully-prepared alphabetical list of Schubert's songs, and a catalogue of all his works in the order of their composition, as far as now ascertainable. There are no less than 1,131 compositions—not an insignificant number for a composer who died in his thirty-first year. But Schubert began very early, and he was of all musicians the most spontaneous and fluent. He seems to have generally written as fast as his pen could travel, and his productivity was only limited by the number of poems he could find, or, in his early days, by the amount of music-paper he could procure through the generosity of his friends. At an age when Beethoven had written but one symphony, he had written nine or ten. His famous "Erkling" was written when he was eighteen. His favorite poets seem to have been Goethe and Schiller, sixty-seven and fifty-four of whose poems, respectively, he availed himself of. About 100 poets in all were laid under contribution, and the total result was 605 songs. "His music," says Dr. Grove, "changes with the words as a landscape does when sun and cloud pass over it. And in this Schubert has anticipated Wagner, since the words to which he writes are as much the absolute basis of his songs as Wagner's librettos are of his operas." The originality and frequency of his modulations—"that great engine of emotion"—are another feature in which he resembles Wagner, although in character his modulations are quite different from Wagner's chromatic and enharmonic changes of key. Of his spontaneity Dr. Grove says: "With Beethoven, spontaneity was the result of labor, and the more he polished the more natural were his tunes. But Schubert read the poem, and the appropriate tune, married to immortal verse, rushed into his head and to the end of his pen." His passion for rhythm, his splendid basses, his characteristic and descriptive accompaniments, and his hesitation between major and minor (the present tendency being more and more to a decision in favor of minor) are also adequately described. Dr. Grove does not believe that Schubert's early death was the result of exhaustive mental labor:

"It was his privations, his absolute poverty, and the distress which he naturally felt at finding that no exertions could improve his circumstances or raise him in the scale of existence, that in the end dragged him down. His poverty is shocking to think of. Nearly the first distinct glimpse we catch of him is in the winter of 1812, supplicating his brother for a roll, some apples, or a few half-pence to keep off the hunger of the long fast in the freezing rooms of the *Convict*. Within a year of his death we catch sight of him again, putting up with coffee and biscuits because he has not 8½d. to buy his dinner with; selling his great trio for 17s. 6d., and his songs at 10d. each, and dying the possessor of effects which were valued at little more than £2. Beside this, the poverty of Mozart—the first of the two great musicians whom Vienna allowed to starve—was wealth."

For those who are unable to buy the whole of Dr. Grove's Dictionary it would be a great boon if the articles on Schubert, Schumann, Beetho-

ven, and a few others were reprinted in pamphlet or book form. The Schubert is certainly the most interesting and complete treatise on the subject in existence.

"Scottish Music," "Score," "Sketches," and "Singing" are some of the other longer articles; and they are alike readable and instructive. In the article on singing the leading characteristics of prominent vocalists are briefly described. After mentioning Patti, Albani, Nilsson, Trebelli, and Lucca, the writer asks significantly, "Where is the decadence in the art of singing of which you complain?" The truth is, no period was ever so well provided with singers who appeal to the soul and not to the ears alone. Formerly most of the singers were of the lyric type, while at present we have, besides these, a class of vocalists—Materna, Reicher-Kindermann, Vogel, Schelper, Gura, Scaria—who, besides first-rate technical accomplishments, possess a dramatic power probably undreamed of half a century ago. Those who are in the habit of reproaching Beethoven, Wagner, and other modern composers with treating the voice as an instrument, will probably change their minds on looking over the examples given on p. 505 of vocal music of the period of "great singers," concerning which we read that "the passages in much of the music of that date, especially that of Porpora, are really instrumental passages, strongly resembling the vocalizzi of the period, and possessing but little interest beyond the surprise that their exact performance would create." The manner in which the music of each nation is dependent on and conditioned by its language is made clear, and (the test being the amount of agreement between the language as spoken and sung) the languages are ranked in their order of musical value as follows: Italian, Latin, German, French, and English, although in some respects French precedes German. On the English the writer is severe enough: "No nation in the civilized world speak its language so abominably as the English. The Scotch, Irish, and Welsh, in the matter of articulation, speak much better than we do. Familiar conversation is carried on in articulate smudges of sounds which are allowed to pass current for something, as worn-out shillings are accepted as representatives of twelve-pence. . . . and when English people begin to study singing they are astonished to find that they have never learned to speak." We do these things much better on this side of the Atlantic.

It would be pleasant to stop this notice here, after finding so much to praise; but Part XV. contains an article of no less than fifty-five pages which is a disgrace in every way to the 'Dictionary.' One wonders, indeed, how Dr. Grove could have been induced to accept such incoherent, irrelevant, and incorrect trash, unless, as we suspect, from personal considerations. The article is on "Schools of Composition," and goes over the whole ground of the 'Dictionary' again in a chaotic, aimless fashion, an attempt being made to class all music under thirty-five "schools." The very idea of such a thing is absurd, a "school" being merely a rhetorical device to facilitate literary work. If it was intended to give an account of the different phases of the history of music, it should have been done under that heading, because no one in consulting a dictionary would think of finding two columns on Raff's symphonies, or as much on Mendelssohn, under "Schools of Composition." Throughout the rest of the 'Dictionary' Dr. Grove has followed the excellent plan of assigning each composer to one who is in sympathy with and understands him. This notice, however, is little but a string of dogmatic views from a very narrow standpoint; and it need not be said that

such a thing is foreign to the sphere of a dictionary. We are told, for example, that the "school" of Bach has languished for lack of disciples, whereas everybody knows that Schumann, Wagner, and other modern composers have been strongly influenced by Bach, whose polyphonic style is destined to flourish as much in the future as it ever has in the past. We are informed of a "decline in instrumental compositions of the highest order," in face of the symphonies of Rubinstein, Brahms, and Raff, the symphonic poems of Saint-Saëns and Liszt, and the symphonic dramas of Wagner. The reference to "the manifest inferiority of the German part-song to the English glee" may be pardonable in an English writer, although it is wide of the mark. German part-songs are sung all the world over, English glees only by the English. The most extraordinary statements, however, will be found in the columns devoted to Wagner. The assertion that he "will be lovingly remembered by *Senta's* ballad, 'Traft ihr das Schiff,' ages after his operas have ceased to be performed in their entirety," is destined to become an oft-quoted, unintentional *bon-mot*. The same writer said, in the article on "Opera," that Wagner had nothing to tell us that Gluck had not already said. Surely Dr. Grove was incautious in choosing a collaborator who does not know the difference between the theories of Gluck and Wagner. Gluck's theory was that the music should be to the libretto what color is to a drawing. Instead of being merely a peg on which a singer could hang his fancy work, he insisted that the melodies should closely follow and illustrate the text. He retained, however, the old operatic forms—the aria, recitative, finales, and dance movements. These Wagner abolished, substituting for them a continuous symphonic accompaniment by the orchestra, and melodious declamation by the singer. Nor did Gluck use Wagner's system of leading motives, by which a drama is made one organic whole, while the means of characterization and the definite expression of emotion are so widely extended and improved. Unless Dr. Grove can get some scholar to correct Mr. Rockstro's numerous blunders, his articles will remain a lasting blemish on his 'Dictionary.'

*Travels in South Kensington, with Notes on Decorative Art and Architecture in England.* By Moncure D. Conway. Harper & Bros. 1882.

THIS book consists of three essays: on "The South Kensington Museum and its Schools," on "Decorative Art and Architecture in England," and on "Bedford Park," respectively. A considerable part, if not all of it, has appeared before in *Harper's Magazine*. We cannot concur with Mr. Conway's unqualified praise of the decorative art now so common in England, and we differ from him especially as regards the character and usefulness of the South Kensington schools of art. These schools have always appeared to us both shortsighted and misleading in their principal aims and tendencies, owing, in great measure, to the misconception, in accordance with which they were established, of supposing that decorative art may be cultivated independently of the higher arts, and in the interest primarily of industrial or commercial ends. The decorative arts are not essentially distinct from other branches of fine art, and they may be rightly cultivated only in connection with that general training of the feelings and tastes out of which all good art springs. The effort to improve what is called art applied to industry, without a foundation of comprehensive culture of the perceptive and graphic faculties, is altogether futile. The limitation of aim upon which the Kensington schools are con-

ducted is a false one; and, with this limitation, it is natural that the principles of instruction should be inadequate, and the methods employed largely mechanical. It is impossible that the products of such a system should be otherwise than formal and lifeless.

Take, for instance, the illustrations given by Mr. Conway on page 109, an example of work done in the department of ornamental design derived from plant-forms. This consists of a drawing of "Nettle in its Natural State" and "Nettle in its Geometric Proportions." The first drawing is given to show the materials from which the so-called designs are made, the second being these designs. Now, these formal figures are no more designs than the drawing of the plant in its natural state is a design. They are only misrepresentations of the approximately geometric plans of certain parts of the plant. Work of this kind is as far removed from anything deserving the name of design as it is from truth to nature. It is simply blinding to the perceptions and deadening to the sense of what is beautiful. One of the very first principles of nature which a designer should be taught to feel is the inequality and changefulness which even the most formal natural things exhibit, and which give them a living character. In good art, of whatever kind and of whatever age or country, this living principle of nature is always expressed. In the floral and foliate ornamentation of Italian and French Gothic it is preëminently so, but it is also constant in the most formal and abstract work of the Greeks, who, in subordinate ornamentation, came as near to formality as good designers could. In the Kensington schools, as a rule, examples of the best things in design are not kept before the pupils as they ought to be, and their important characteristics illustrated. Instead of this, mechanical outlines—which grossly misrepresent good things—are used as models. It is true that a vast number of original designs and reproductions, of excellent and instructive character, are contained in the Museum; but they have, and can be expected to have, no practical effect on the students while the instruction in the schools not only does nothing to assist the proper understanding of them, but places obstacles in the way of such understanding by providing bad examples for practice, and encouraging original work like this illustration in Mr. Conway's book—respecting which he remarks, page 110, that it "will perhaps enable the reader to understand the kind of work by which this school has relieved England of its former dependence on Paris and Lyons."

Regarding the second and third essays we have not much to remark. We think that little of true worth is to be looked for in the costly vagaries which go to make up the embellishments of the rich men's houses described by Mr. Conway, or in the fanciful æsthetic affectations which, in our judgment, spoil what is good in Bedford Park. It is earnestly to be hoped that ere long both England and America may awake to a recognition of the fact that, in order to improve taste in any department of the fine arts, it is necessary to aim primarily at careful training of the perceptions and feelings, and of the eye and hand, without regard to immediate production of decorative or other art.

*Parisian Art and Artists.* By Henry Bacon. Illustrated. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1883.

WITH good paper, clear, large print, and numerous illustrations, there is on the author's part a rather fragmentary disposition of his subject-matter. First we hear a little about Bastien-Lepage, then a little about Jacquet, but not

quite enough about either, and in particular not enough to be able to estimate them. How high or low does each stand in relation to the whole body? what is his distinctive originality? what the group to which he belongs? Questions like these are not sufficiently answered. The author might have performed a greater service, in the same space, by districting the field and generalizing somewhat more, instead of dealing so exclusively with particulars. The reader is disposed to go in search of other treatises to complete what is here begun.

Mr. Bacon is himself an artist of no mean skill, and has been a student at the Paris schools. His information, such as it is, therefore, comes from the inside; but he writes rather for those who know a great deal about his personages already than for those who know nothing. He is patriotic toward Paris, and finds in it the inspiration of all the European schools, not excepting that of Munich, now its principal rival. The truth is, that with the universal dissemination of models and methods at present, there hardly exist any longer schools that can be geographically located. Examples of all the prevailing methods of workmanship are found everywhere. At Paris, however, these examples are most numerous and the activity is on the largest scale. It appears from Mr. Bacon's pages that an intense vigor of realization, and the "modernism" characteristic of these late years, are at least not on the decline. Realism of a harsh and brutal sort, allied to that of Zola in literature, is preferred in many quarters. The reproach of unidealism cannot, however, be applied to the best of the "modernists," such as De Nittis and Duez, who seek the grace and charm to be found in contemporary life. Mr. Bacon shows us some of their devices for catching the apparently elusive scenes of street and market-place, of which they are fond. Jean Beraud, for instance, uses a cab as a studio, and De Nittis an omnibus, specially contrived with a glass roof. Others (the American painter, Knight, among them) have studios made entirely of glass, like hothouses, for the purpose of completing their out-of-door studies in the diffused light natural to them. The Russian painter, Verschagin, adds to the glass studio the improvement of making it revolve with the sun, in order to keep the rays upon a model always in the same direction.

The illustrations in this volume are to a considerable extent "process" reproductions of slight sketches contributed by the artists treated of.

*Joshua R. Giddings. A Sketch.* By Walter Buell. Cleveland: W. W. Williams. 12mo, pp. 213.

WHETHER one whose political career was confined wholly to the House of Representatives is eligible to a place in the series of "American Statesmen," we do not know. If not, this unpretending but skilfully-composed and interesting volume may fitly be placed on the same shelf, and might well have been given a corresponding form. It has a special title to stand beside the life of John Quincy Adams, for between that statesman and Giddings a peculiarly warm feeling—of regard on the one hand, of veneration on the other—quickly arose when, in 1838, the younger champion of Northern manliness came to the support of the elder. It is this quality, indeed, which attracts one most strongly to Giddings—his erect bearing among bullies and doughfaces; his refusal to cringe or to be intimidated, or, above all, to be silent when both sections of the Union in Congress had conspired to suppress debate on the subject of slavery. One of his very earliest votes was against the passage of the Atherton gag resolutions, which nullified the right of petition. His latest politi-

cal act was to withdraw from the Chicago Republican Convention of 1860 until it mustered courage to put an anti-slavery plank in its platform—his own plank at last.

Besides the collection of his speeches published in 1853, it appears that this modest and great-hearted man left scanty materials for his biographer. The originality of Mr. Buell's sketch consists in hitherto unpublished extracts from journals kept by Mr. Giddings in 1838-39, and again in 1848-49. Here likewise the available portions are rather meagre, though sufficiently indicative of the writer's character. It is curious that Mr. Buell does not mention Giddings's work on the Seminole war, called 'The Exiles of Florida,' and says (p. 208) of his 'History of the Rebellion' that it "was never published"—an entire mistake. The following extract from the diary for January, 1839, is perhaps best worth quoting. Mr. Adams had just made (on the 21st) a formal exposition of his views on the subject of slavery:

"His speech," wrote Mr. Giddings, "created a great sensation. . . . Mr. Slade, of Vermont, who is the greatest Abolitionist in the House, seemed to be very apprehensive that the speech would have a bad influence on the subject of abolition. . . . I am, however, fully of the opinion, from the language used by Mr. Adams, and the cautious manner in which he expressed himself, that his want of readiness to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia is not owing to any doubt as to the power of Congress to do so; nor to any other reason other than a question as to the policy of such action. The difficulty that has often presented itself to my mind is, that if Congress should pass a law to abolish slavery in the District, before it could take effect the slaves would all be taken out of the District, and the law would find none here to take effect upon. But if Congress should first pass a law prohibiting the taking of any slave out of the District, that would keep them here, and, when a law to abolish slavery should pass, it would have the effect to liberate from nine to ten thousand slaves. Of Mr. Adams's views beyond what he has publicly expressed, I know nothing" (p. 88).

A truthful, and therefore pleasing, portrait of Mr. Giddings, on steel, accompanies this little volume.

*The Land of the Arabian Nights: Being Travels through Egypt, Arabia, and Persia to Bagdad.* By Wm. Perry Fogg, A.M. With an Introduction by Bayard Taylor. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1882.

THIS is a reprint, under a somewhat different name, of a book which has been before the reading public since 1875. 'Arabistan; or, The Land of the Arabian Nights,' was the title of the first (English) edition. The author says in the preface: "The revised edition now offered is in response to a demand which has hitherto been supplied from abroad. But very slight revision was necessary, for life in the East is the same now as a generation ago." In truth, almost the only revision made, so far as a quite careful comparison can detect, is what has just been noticed in the title-page.

The reappearance of the book, however, is opportune at a time when all eyes are turned toward the East; and many a reader, noticing that the first part of it—and, in fact, nearly half of its pages—are devoted to "Travels through Egypt," will be tempted to purchase it, to see if it contains anything that will throw light upon the "Egyptian question." Following Mr. Fogg in his travels through the country, we shall pick up here and there a bit of important information. We are told, for example, that Alexandria was a city of most heterogeneous population, largely made up of the offscourings of society from all the nations of the West and all the tribes of the East. This accounts in part for the terrible massacres antecedent and subsequent to the British bombardment. We notice that Mr.



Fogg found the soldiers apparently lazy, listless, and ill disciplined. From a train of cars at a station near Zagazig, he saw them thrashed by their officers, and says: "No one seems to take offence, and they run like a flock of sheep. To submit thus to blows shows a want of manliness and spirit characteristic of modern Egyptians" (p. 74). This helps us to understand the sudden collapse of Arabi's "National movement" as soon as it had to be upheld by a resort to arms. We gather also from pen-pictures of the people, and the frequent introduction of the cry of "backsheesh," that the Egyptians are a slavish, beggarly, ignorant, badly-abused, and degraded people, and therefore unfit for self-government.

But this is no news, and the rest of what Mr. Fogg gives us is the simple story of the tourist, told in an easy, chatty style, that makes it pleasant enough reading. We journey with the author at regular railway speed through Egypt and the Suez Canal; make a flying visit to Joppa and Jerusalem; then hurry down the Gulf of Suez, pass under the shadow of Mount Sinai, and through the sweltering heat of the Red Sea. We stop a day or so at Aden, the hottest place on earth, to get a foretaste of "the hereafter" and take a sup of "brandy and soda" with the English officers. Then we are off again, and make, in a few brief paragraphs, a journey of nearly two thousand miles to Muscat. But we cannot accompany Mr. Fogg through all his wanderings, nor notice all of the points at which he touched. He is evidently an experienced traveller, and keeps his eyes open. He sees, too, with a quick and appreciative glance whatever is in plain sight around him; but he sees only the surface of things. Even the chapters devoted to special subjects, as that upon the Suez Canal, and the one on the spread of Mohammedanism and the rule of the Caliphs, are cursory and superficial.

The printing and binding, illustrations and ornamentation of the book, are unexceptionable, and are in the usual style of the house from which it issues.

*The Yâtrâs; or, The Popular Dramas of Bengal.*  
By Nisikânta Chattopâdhyâya [sic]. London:  
Trübner & Co. 1882.

This pamphlet is of little value save as an indication of the zeal with which a native of Bengal has glanced at general literature. Its author dedicates his essay from Zürich; and, from his numerous references—many of which, by the by, seem to be rather pointless—he appears to be acquainted with German and French. That

he is a Sanskritist there is no evidence; and his "Jâjnavalkya" and "Shara-darçanas," with perpetual like misspellings of Sanskrit words, are blemishes which he should have taken measures to avoid. As to his English, if it were not at once ambitious and occasionally ludicrous, he would be a very exceptional Bengali indeed. To "incense" an audience, instead of "propitiate" it, "repeating all *ensemble*," and "the entire *personale* of the actors and actresses," are specimens of his elegancies; and why he should have thought it necessary to explain the words "dialect" and "puns" by *Mundart* and *Wortspiele*, passes our divination. His professed subject it cannot be said that he has contrived to invest with the slightest possible interest. With the conditional promise of a second venture in print, he has confined himself to that dreary and vapid section of the Bengali drama which turns on the amours of Krishna—a thing simply repulsive to all but those who can draw spiritual nourishment from what is, next to Tantrism, one of the foulest among Hindu superstitions. The playwright to whose effusions he introduces us, and whom he describes as the "ecclesiastical guide of several respectable communities," hazily analogizes to "a deacon," and entitles "reverend," is unmistakably one of the sons of the feeble. In the opinion of the essayist, "we"—that is to say, Bengalis—"may yet hope to have our Calderon and Shakspeare, Racine and Goethe." May their patriotic hopes be realized! If he should choose to offer us close translations of some half-dozen of the satirical farces of Lower Bengal, those faithful mirrors of the popular indigenous estimate of British rule and rulers in India, he would produce what could not fail of attracting attention. The information which he has incidentally brought forward regarding the recent scholars among his countrymen would have been more acceptable if it had been less meagre. But how is it that one finds nothing about Bâbû Râjendralâl Mitra? It is true that he has confounded the Decalogue with the Twelve Tables; but then, if we are to trust Professor Max Müller, he has displayed, in his speculations, "the spirit of Niebuhr," and "our Sanskrit scholars in Europe will have to pull hard, if . . . they are not to be distanced in the race of scholarship," while he wields an oar.

*A Short History of French Literature.* By  
Geo. Saintsbury. Oxford: Clarendon Press;  
New York: Macmillan. 1882.

MR. SAINTSBURY'S 'Primer of French Literature' is the best résumé of the subject that has

appeared in either French, English, or German. He has now produced a much larger work—not a mere compilation from other literary histories, but an account based on an examination of the literature itself. The author lays some stress upon this in his preface, and the claim is justified by the character of the whole work. Mr. Saintsbury is evidently interested in his subject himself, but he does not succeed in interesting his readers in it. He is overwhelmed by the abundance of his materials. While there are in the 'Primer' pages of vivid and interesting description, nothing like this is to be found in the larger work, which is generally as dry and uninteresting as a catalogue. Instead of selecting only the salient points for illustration, and making a general history of French literature, he has made in many cases a mere catalogue of writers and books, good for purposes of reference, because so accurate, but too often wholly devoid of interest. Thus, in the chapters on the Middle Ages, he gives the impression of a very profuse literature, but no idea of its value or its influence, and still less of its peculiar beauty and charm.

The notices of contemporary writers are sometimes unsatisfactory, notably those of Balzac, George Sand, About, Taine, Chéribuliez and Alexandre Dumas fils are just mentioned; Henri Martin is not even named. Sometimes, however, Mr. Saintsbury has a very felicitous way of characterizing a writer, as when he speaks of Brunetière as "the chief of the advocates of a return to the Malherbe-Boileau dungeon." He has a good page on the Naturalists, Zola and his school, in which he says: "The ambition of the Naturalist . . . is to mention the unmentionable with as much fulness of detail as possible."

Upon the whole, it would be almost as hopeless to give an idea of the nature of this book as to give an idea of a dictionary. It would require minute criticism, and Mr. Saintsbury's work would in general endure this test. It is scarcely extended enough for a work of reference, but would make an excellent text-book in the hands of an instructor able to fill in the outlines with copious extracts and comments.

#### BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Austin, Jane G. Nantucket Scraps. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.  
Clay, Bertha M. A Struggle for a Ring: a Novel. G. W. Catleton & Co.  
Caldecott, R. The Milkmaid. An Old Song Exhibited and Explained in Many Designs. George Routledge & Sons. 50 cents.  
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